THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CV.—No. 1360
JANUARY 8 1930
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

"FLABBY-MINDED IMPERIALISTS": By "KIM"

The BYSTANDER

1/-

'Soothing as an Old Time Melody'

Spinet-Oval
CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES
NOW 20 for 1/3
Ideal for the Pocket or My Lady's Handbag
Tin of 10 for 8d.

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE
Special Cuvée
By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

Drambuie
PRINCE CHARLIE'S LIQUEUR
IS
BRITAIN'S FINEST AFTER-DINNER LIQUEUR.
DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD.,
9, Union Street, Edinburgh.

COGNAC
ADET
ADET SEWARD COGNAC

Highly appreciated in the Skies.
By Appointment to H.M. King George V
CHAMPAGNE
Charles Heidsieck
REIMS
FINEST EXTRA QUALITY EXTRA DRY
Served by the Air Union on the "Golden Ray" Aeroplanes.

MARTELL'S
"CORDON BLEU"
The Reliable Liqueur Brandy
Guaranteed 35 years old in cask

PRICE ONE SHILLING: By Inland Post, 1s. 1½d. OFFICES—LONDON: Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. PARIS: 65-67, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris, viii.

"CONWAY"

THE above illustrates the ever popular "Folder," waterproof and extremely light in weight ; it makes an ideal riding or country hat. Price **30/-**

SCOTTS LTD., 1 Old Bond St., W.1

Telephone: Regent 1408. Telegrams: Scotoma, London.

Let the Microscope show you-

the baby foods offered for your choice when breast feeding fails. Raw cow's milk—stodgy, swarming with microbes and varying in richness from day to day—

NATURE'S FOOD FOR A CALF!

Pasteurised milk—stewed, almost valueless as far as Vitamins are concerned, and still liable to infection after leaving the dairy—then "Cow & Gate"—rich in "D" and other essential Vitamins, free from tubercular and other disease-carrying germs, of standardised, unvarying richness, which, secure from contamination in its sealed tin, presents cow's milk in the only safe and suitable form for baby.

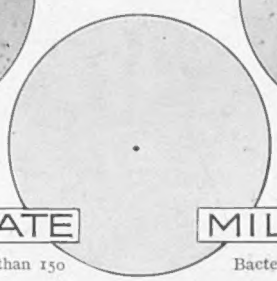
GRADE 'A' MILK

Legal standard 200,000 Bacteria per cubic centimetre.

These original photographs may be inspected at any time.

PASTEURISED MILK

Legal standard 100,000 Bacteria per cubic centimetre.



COW & GATE MILK FOOD

Always less than 150 Bacteria per c.c.

Cow & Gate Milk Food

"Cow's Milk made safe and suitable for Baby."

Of All Chemists, **1/6, 2/9, 7/9** *(Pink Tin).*

Some Babies cannot digest full cream milk ; they should be put on Cow & Gate Half Cream, **2/6** *(Blue Tin).*

Export Cow & Gate specially packed for Hot Climates *(Yellow Tin).*

SMILER.

Naturally Rich in Vitamin 'D'

COW & GATE LTD., GUILDFORD.

from **4/-** each

DR. CHART *the Plug Specialist*

"There are many working factors that affect a sparking plug," says Dr. Chart. "The plug that acts like a tonic in a Bean may have the effect of a sedative in a Bentley.

"After much research I am now prescribing the correct plugs for over 300 makes of cars, commercial vehicles and motorcycles.

"Would you like to consult me? I charge no fees. Just send a postcard for me." *

BOSCH PLUGS

Trade Mark of Robert Bosch A.G.

FOR FAULTLESS IGNITION

Sole Agents for Robert Bosch A.G. for Gt. Britain & Ireland.

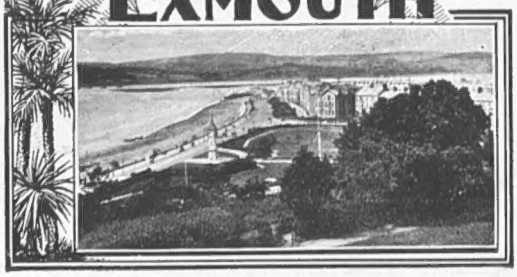
J. A. STEVENS, LTD.,
Upper Rathbone Place, London, W.1,
and at
222, Bothwell Street, Glasgow, C.3.

* *Mention type of Car h.p., etc. and get specific advice.*

YOUR CAR WILL BE BETTER FOR BOSCH

COME TO SUNNY EXMOUTH

ON THE WARM SOUTH DEVON COAST



FOR WINTER HOLIDAYS

2-MILE PROMENADE, FULL AMUSEMENTS, GOLF.

GUIDE BOOK (1½d. stamp) from Box 18, Town Clerk, Exmouth. For Apartments, etc., Information Bureau, High Street.

DIRECT EXPRESSES by S.R. from WATERLOO Weekdays 8.40, 11.0 a.m., 12.40, 3.0, 6.0 p.m.

Week-End Tickets, Return Fares, 1st **49/-**, 3rd **29/6** (from Friday to Tuesday) any train.

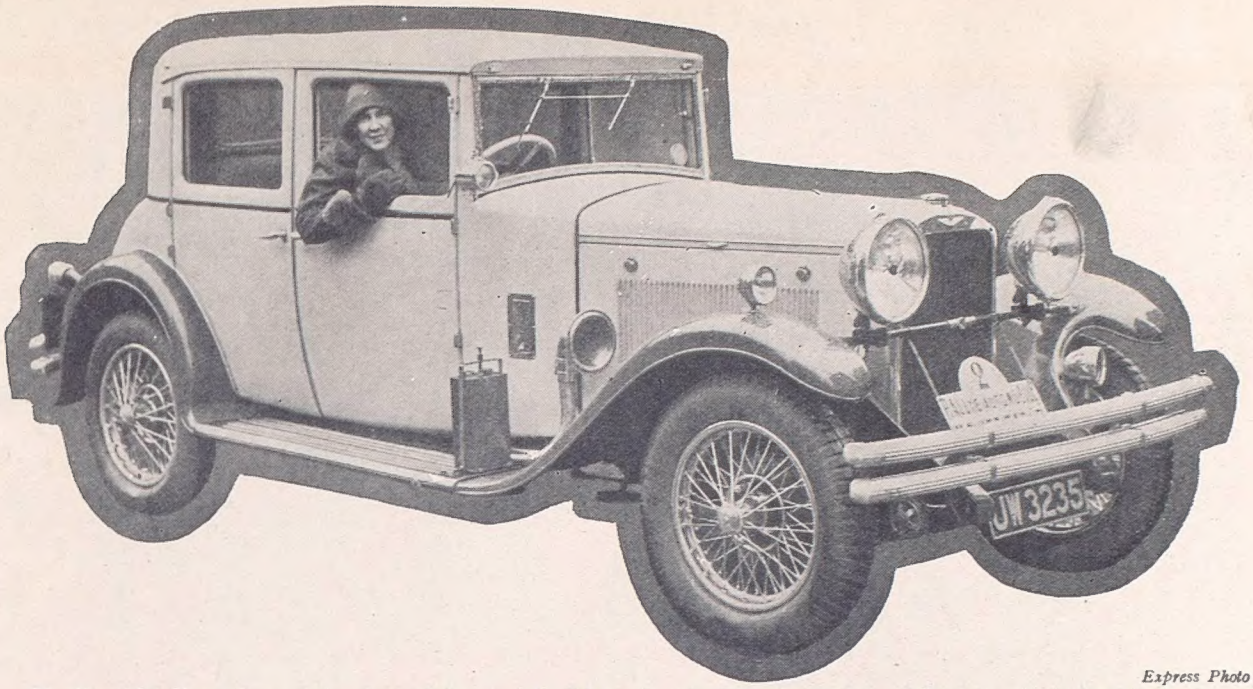
the BYSTANDER

MISS FAY COMPTON

The popular actress playing the leading part in Edward Laurillard's new production, "Virtue for Sale." Miss Compton is now known to an even wider audience on the films than on the stage

BY DOUGLAS WALES

A SCARLET RUNNER



Express Photo

The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce at the wheel of the standard Hillman Straight Eight in which she will start a dash from Lapland to Monte Carlo on January 25. She will have to cover 2,130 miles in 100 hours, and pass through seven countries. Her husband has chartered an aeroplane in which to fly to her assistance in the event of any mishap

The Passing Hour

The King in Fancy Dress

Not for many years have there been such festivities at Sandringham as those that took place over the holidays, when all the King's sons, his grandsons, Princess Elizabeth with Princess Mary and the Duchess of York, were gathered together. The story of the King dressing up as Father Christmas is perfectly true. At luncheon on Christmas Day he donned a red coat and hood edged with the traditional white fur, and to the enormous delight of his grandchildren distributed the presents with proper attention to the important ritual of the occasion.

"Bend Or's" Engagement

Our Riviera correspondent (whose Notes this week are found on page 94) was describing last week the Duke of Westminster's activities at the tables and his coming cruise to Albania. Since then "Bend Or" has made one of his many dashing visits to London—dashing in more than one sense—and has intrigued his world of admirers and friends by becoming betrothed to Miss Loelia Ponsonby, Sir Frederick Ponsonby's pretty and clever daughter. I saw them dancing at the Café de Paris in a party, only a week or so ago it seems, when it was evident that the Duke was, let me say, épris. He is fifty, but he certainly does not look nearly as old, and as a host he stands out as a veritable Prince Charming. I hope the marriage will be happy and successful, and on this third essay with Eros on the part of the Duke their friends expect it will be.

Next Week's Bystander
will include among other outstanding features:

COLLINSON OWEN'S
"American Illusion"

—

"KIM" on
"The Palestine Joke"

—

A Short Story by
RUPERT GRAYSON

—

Latest Riviera Gossip
and
All Usual Features

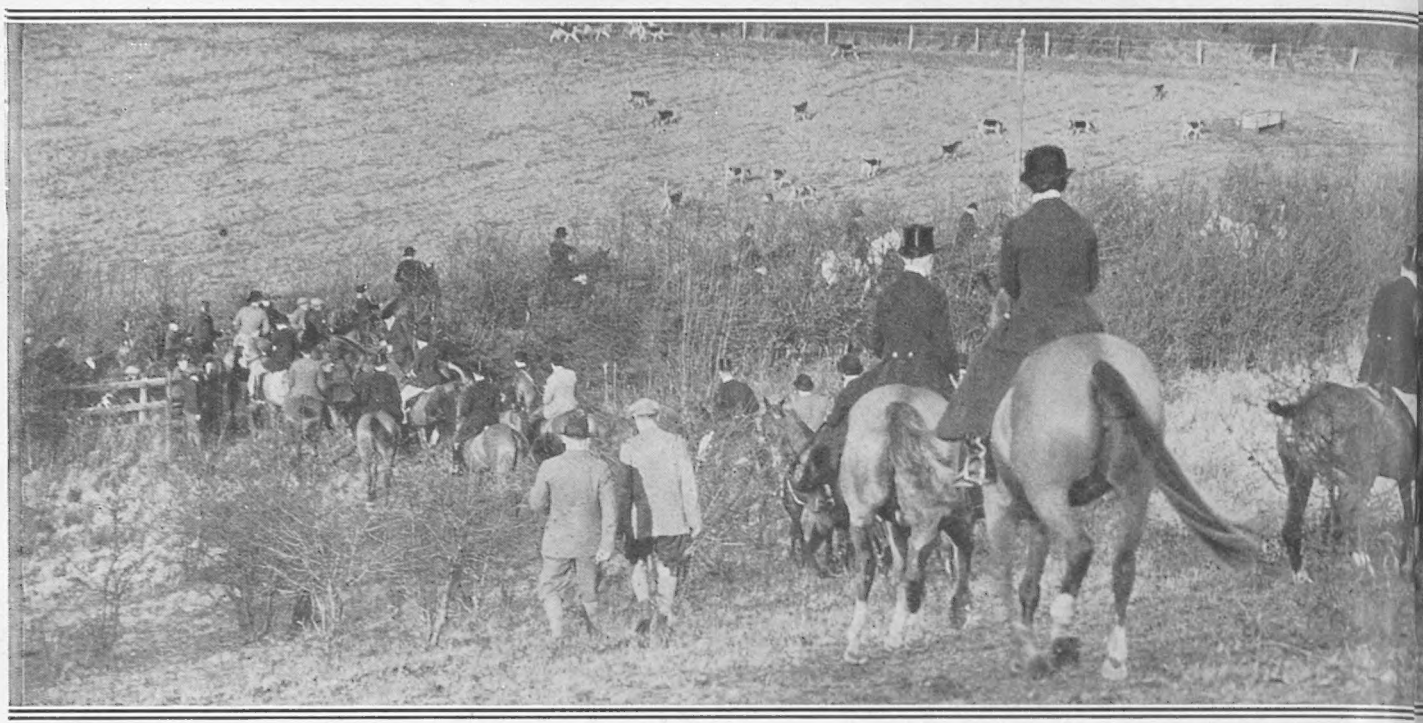
No Plain Vans for Socialist Peers

All the speculations on Mr. MacDonald's distribution of New Year's Honours—the first within the gift of a Labour Government, for in 1924 they only had the prerogative of Dissolution Honours—went wildly astray. The plain vans that were to make a figurative descent upon the Commons in order to remove protesting Labour M.P.s to the Lords will not be required. Only Mr. Arthur Ponsonby will leave the Government benches for the precincts of the Upper House, but as a Page of Honour to Queen Victoria in his early youth the more rarefied

Sporting and General

Miss Loelia Mary Ponsonby, the daughter of Sir Frederick Ponsonby, the Treasurer to the King and Keeper of the Privy Purse. Her engagement to the Duke of Westminster became known last week

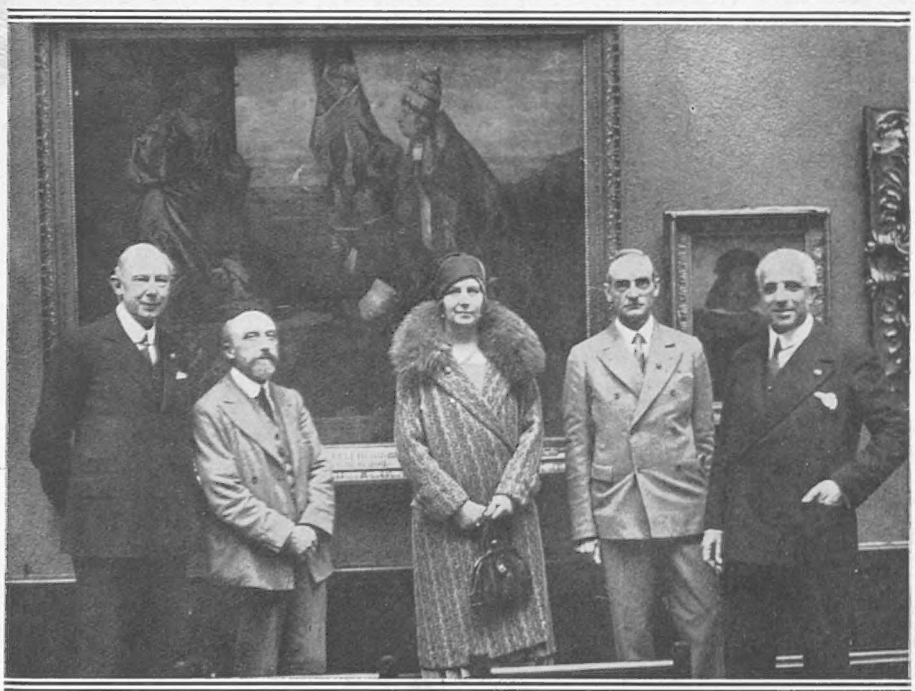
IN THE HONOURS LIST



Central Press

On the way to a fresh covert. A fine view of the H. H. Hounds during the hunting which followed a recent meet at the Swan Hotel, Alton

atmosphere of our hereditary and accidental aristocracy will not be entirely strange to the new Socialist peer. His daughter, who as Miss Elizabeth Ponsonby used to enliven the routine of London nights' entertainments by the spontaneity of her original parties, will now become the Hon. Mrs. Denis Pelly. Mrs. Pelly and the Countess Anthony de Bosdari, formerly Mrs. Plunket Greene, are about to provide another of their amusing evenings, when all the guests are to dress as planetary beings, and many "stars" of the theatrical and other firmaments will be seen in their supper courses. In the old days Mrs. Pelly's unique parties occasioned Mr. Ponsonby, as a Socialist, mild uneasiness. Now, unhampered by any political niceties, she may enjoy the social freedom of a peer's daughter.



Photopress

The Hanging Committee of the Italian Art Exhibition at Burlington House. The group comprises Sir Robert Witt (left), Mr. Charles Ricketts, R.A., Lady Chamberlain, Mr. Constable and Commendatore Modigliani, the Italian Commissioner-General of the Exhibition

Names that Should Not be Lost

THE Honours List almost completely ignored the arts, music alone being recognised in the person of Professor Granville Bantock, who becomes a knight. In an unguarded moment I mentioned the possibility of a knighthood for the author of a certain successful war play, but the Government evidently consider that literature, painting and sculpture have been adequately rewarded by their predecessors. I am inclined to agree with them. In any case, for authors, "royalties" are probably preferable to "Honours" as evidence of general esteem. I am hoping that all the recipients of peerages, such

Lord Brougham and Miss C... recently announced, at a ... ket is the daughter of the ... ket, form...

FANCY DRESS AND FANCY PRICES

as Sir Charles Wakefield, Sir Hugh Trenchard, Sir William Noble, and their new fellow lords will not find it necessary to change the names with which they have achieved repute for territorial titles.

Altogether apart from the minor consideration of confusion in the public memory, there is the loss of names that have properly earned perpetuation and with which all have grown familiar by their individual associations.

G.P.U.
Plunket, whose engagement was meeting in Ireland. Miss Plun- and Most Rev. Benjamin Plun- Bishop of Meath

On New Year's Eve

THE recent Chelsea Arts Ball at the Albert Hall proved a "scrap" affair in more senses than one. Scraps between students and dancers on the ballroom floor were regrettably common and of so violent a nature that the prize fights which are staged here would seem gentlemanly and tame by comparison, and very many dancers who toiled up innumerable stairs in the search of supper found nothing to eat but scraps! With the hotels and restaurants providing not only excellent dinners but good dancing, good bands, and attractive souvenirs for the price charged for a ticket to this ball, it is inevitable that many people who suffered from the badly organised catering arrangements and exorbitant prices charged in this respect will answer the question, "Was it worth it?" with an emphatic No! After all, the adage of the Goose that laid the Golden Eggs is worth remembering.

"Oh! What a Charge they Made"

ALTHOUGH the above line was written to commemorate the Charge of the Light Brigade, it applies very pointedly to the Albert Hall caterers, over whom, it is only fair to add, the Chelsea Arts authorities do not have control. When one has paid two guineas for a ticket plus, say, twenty guineas for a box, it is hardly pleasant to be coolly asked to pay ten shillings a head for supper if it is served in the box which you have hired for the evening, especially as the price of the tickets includes supper; and syphons of

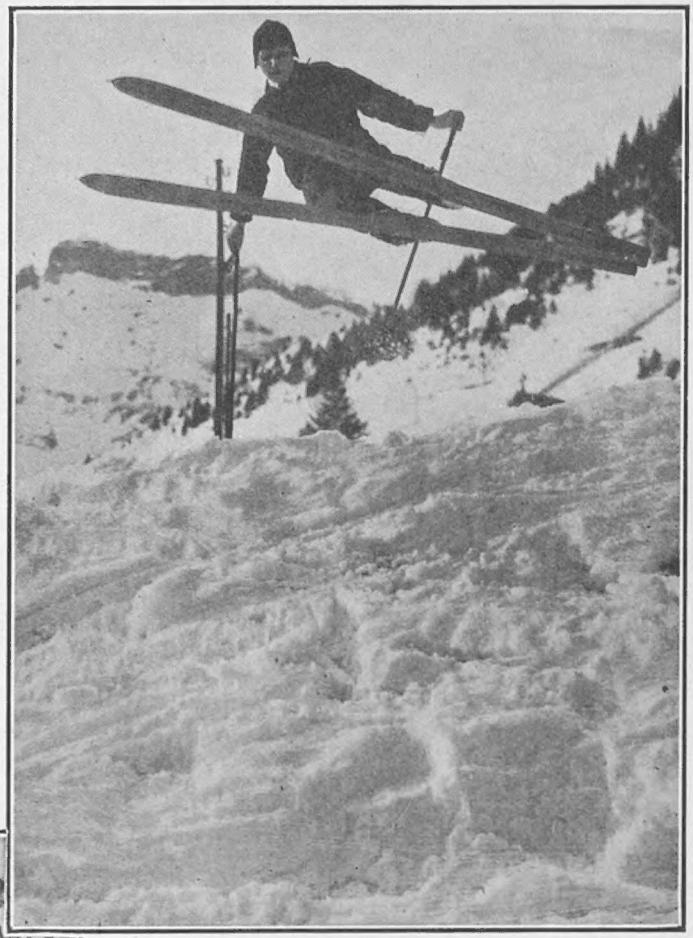
BY HELEN MCKIE

Our artist's impression of the scene on the floor of the Albert Hall during the Chelsea Arts Ball, when students and dancers fought for possession of the animals designed by the former. The floor was covered with debris, and much of the fighting was anything but good-natured, many people being hurt

KING FROST: CHEERY SCENES in

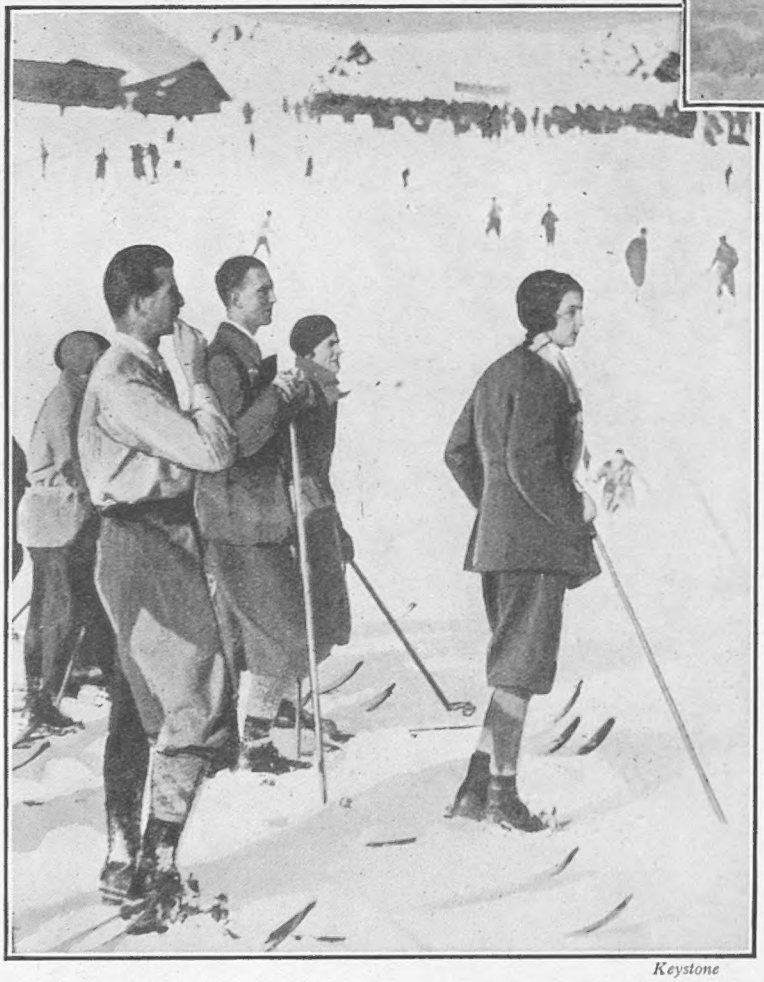
Keystone

Senorita de Alvarez, the famous lawn tennis star, out for a run on skis. She is seen with a friend on the slopes above St. Moritz



Sport and General

Mr. U. Campbell, captain of the Swiss Universities Ski team, executing a Drehhochsprung at Mürren. In this new high-jump turn the skier jumps pushing off from the top of both his sticks instead of from one only, thus gaining additional impetus



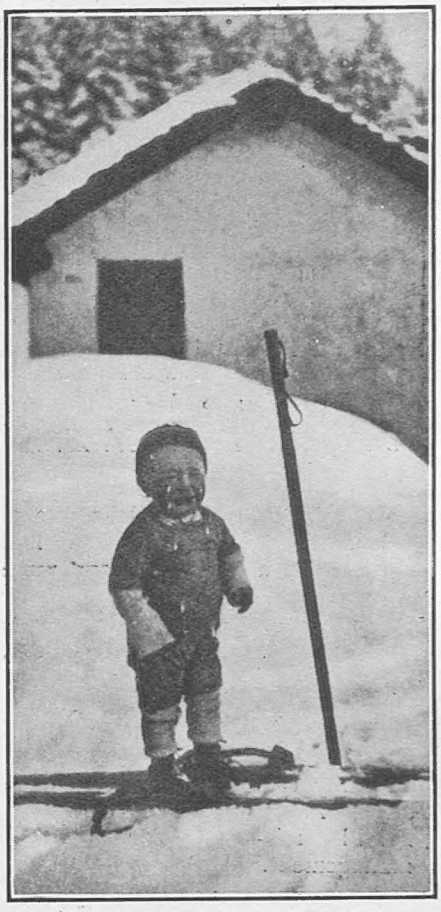
Keystone

The Crown Prince Umberto of Italy, whose marriage to Princess Marie José takes place to-day (Wednesday). He is seen ski-ing in the Italian Alps with his sister, Princess Yolande Countess of Bergally

The morning rush of skiers from St. Moritz to Corviglia is reminiscent of th a crowd of enthusiasts are seen queueing up for the funicul

the ALPS where BUSINESS is FORGOTTEN

Mr. C. J. Riddell (Cambridge) making a fine leap to finish the Down Hill ski race from Corviglia to Suvretta during the recent Inter-Varsity contest. Oxford again lost to their Light Blue opponents



Keystone

Acrobatics on the ice, as practised by the famous skaters, Howard Nicholson, Paul Creckow and Hilda Ruckert. They are seen executing a clever feat on the Grand Hotel Ice Rink at St. Moritz

Keystone

The sad side of Winter Sports is reflected in the above photograph of a very youthful skier. Being temporarily lost, he votes winter sports in the snow nothing but a "frost"!

Keystone

scenes at our own stations during holiday times. Above railway which will transport them to Corviglia

Sport and General

Miss Daphne Watson and Miss Rosamond Northwood executing a spiral on the rink at Suvretta House. The charm of skating is emphasised by the gracefulness of their pose

TUSSLES ON THE RUGGER FIELD

Sport and General

A scrum breaking up during the match between English and Scottish Schoolboys at Richmond. The English team won by 20 points to 9

Keystone

A Frenchman taking a low pass during the French-Scottish Rugger International in Paris. The match ended in a surprising win for France, by 7 points to 3

soda water at the ridiculous sum of two shillings each, a badly laid dance floor, a poor band, and more than a trace of hooliganism among the crowd, all tend to make one emulate the Raven and quoth, "Nevermore!"

At the Hotels

IN pleasant contrast to the Albert Hall mismanagement, the festivities at the leading hotels and restaurants were a marked success. At the Hotel Cecil the New Year was ushered in by heralds in mediæval costumes who blew a fanfare, whilst at the same moment a wonderful replica of the R101 passed over the ballroom, a clever and topical touch which was worthy of Commendatore Gelardi. At the Piccadilly Hotel a special dinner was served, and the flowers and decorations, to say nothing of the attractive souvenirs presented to all the guests, made the evening a wonderfully jolly one.

Pacific and Atlantic

Lady Margaret Douglas-Hamilton, the second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, with her fiancé, Mr. James Drummond-Hay. She is devoted to horses and a keen aviator, being a member of the London Flying Club

RACING HINTS *By "Old Orkney"*

Favoured by more settled weather the horses previously mentioned here are showing up well and we have had a few nice-priced winners since the resumption of racing.

Here are six more likely winners, and they are not named for any particular race. Watch for them in the programmes and back them each way until successful.

ROSECOMB. A recognised stayer who is running into form. Was quietly supported when beaten by Ormuzd over two miles at Plumpton. Occupied third position over a similar distance over the same course early in December.

POLISH PATRIOT. Put up a poor show in heavy going at Kempton Park, but his connections expected better things at Plumpton and inspired money brought his price from 5 to 1 to 5 to 2. Finished fourth.

FAITHFUL GARRY. After his promising performance when finishing third at Gatwick was heavily backed to win at Newbury, over two miles (Hurdles). He finished third.

LITTLE SQUIB. Will win a good race for Mr. J. Tiller before the season is far advanced. There was "sharp" money about at Newbury at 8 to 1 down to 6 to 1. Finished eighth. Was third at Wolverhampton early in December.

SOLDIER'S JOY. Was shouted home at Cheltenham in the Stayers' 'Chase (four miles), but Capt. Gossage had to be content with second place. A genuine stayer and will win in the near future. Over three miles was placed at Cardiff.

IRISH BASKET. After 4 to 1 had been taken the "Blower" accepted 3 to 1 and 5 to 2 to substantial amounts at Cheltenham. Was badly beaten, but I confidently anticipate he will score again judged on his clever victory earlier in the season at Haydock Park.

NEW YEAR FESTIVITIES: "SOME STARS"

L.N.A.

AMONGST these photographs of New Year Festivities are five persons selected haphazard round whose head a star has been placed. The Editor will have great pleasure in sending to each of these a guinea as the penalty of being "Starred" if they will kindly send him their names and addresses. Their identity should be verified by two friends, who need only sign the application and give their addresses

Topical Press

At the top are some of the revellers who saw the New Year in at a special carnival dance given by the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes. It will be noticed that the "Bystander" star is also in evidence! In centre: A section of the large crowd of revellers who made very merry after a strenuous day's winter sporting. They are seen at a big fancy dress ball held at the Villars Palace Hotel. The "Bystander" stars are shining here. In the bottom photograph: Seeing the Old Year out and the New Year in with a hearty cheer, and two "Bystander" stars! Some of the many revellers who were present at the New Year's Eve festivities at the Deauville Restaurant in Regent Street

FLABBY-MINDED IMPERIALISTS

By "KIM"

THE EFFIGY OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA

Worshipped in a temple at Cawnpore

ONE of these days if I have the leisure it is my ambition to write a History Of Money. It means a record of the human race from the earliest times, for the desire to possess Money, the means to power, has been the great motive which has led to invasions, to subjugation of nationalities, to vast treks, and, indeed, to everything. The Romans, for example, invaded Britain and seized it because they wanted its copper, silver ore, lead, and tin, even, formerly, its gold. Don't believe that Julius Cæsar ever bothered to cross the seas and risk the expense of an army and fleet unless he saw in it a business proposition. The story that he came to reinstate a prince of the Trinovantes is all bunkum. Julius, like all the great Romans, believed in an Empire that was an asset.

WARS in ancient days were dictated by business reasons, minerals, land hunger, loot, tribute, in other words by monetary motives. Throughout the centuries it was a survival of the fittest, for it was the fittest who won. The nation most go-ahead in arms, in warfare, in invention generally was the top-dog. The Angles, Saxons and Danes who live in Great Britain, themselves usurpers, owe their possession to their own inherent qualities. They superseded the Gaels and Iberians by the power of the sword. The Persians who for long lorded it over the Greeks and all others, only did so because their armies were better trained and better armed, like the Macedonians who later displaced them and like the Romans subsequently. Tell me any nation or race which has any real right to the countries it owns or which has not at one time or another dispossessed others?

DON'T mention Egypt! The Copts and Arabs have no more right to that land than had the Turks who were only turned out within recent years. And what about India? Some of the people may be indigenous to the soil, but they are mainly the oppressed low-caste or no-caste natives. The ruling Hindu caste, the Brahmins, have probably a drop of Macedonian blood; the Gurkhas are Mongols by extraction; the Mohammedans are invaders. None of these peoples has the slightest right to an inch of land except by right of conquest, and if the Germans had won the War these in their turn would probably have been trodden down under the German Jack Boot. If Britain walked out of the East to-morrow, how long before Russia—a superior race to the Indians—would annex India?

THE above, beloved brethren, are cold, hard facts. *The Daily Herald* dare not deny them, for their persuasion are in the same boat. They want to overthrow the Constitution in this country if they can—they and their brothers the Communists only disagree in the matter of when to bomb and kill—in order to annex it for their own and dominate the rest of us. The Indian National Congress that assembled in Lahore had exactly the same ideas, and the chairman of the Reception Committee, a Hindu called Kitchlew, asked, "What motive could be purer and nobler than the motive behind a political crime?"

WELL . . . that's all right. We know what to expect from Mr. Kitchlew and others of his kidney. He is more honest than some. The other day those of his persuasion tried to bomb the Viceroy, Lord Irwin, and were not far off doing so. But sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and if subjects try to bomb their rulers or talk glibly of assassination the right way is undoubtedly to give them short shrift, and the sooner the better. Why employ any cant on the subject? Why funk the facts of conquest?

LORD IRWIN, the Viceroy, is largely responsible for all the unrest, violence, and threats now being poured out by these Indian Nationalists who want to seize the Empire we have built up by magnificent sacrifices of men and money. He offered them a "round

CAPTAIN STEWART

The effigy of the soldier which is worshipped in an Indian temple

Photographs: Planet News

CAPTAIN STEWART'S WIFE AND SON

These effigies, which are worshipped as gods in the Bhagwatda's Temple at Cawnpore, serve as a reminder of the days when Britain was very much of account in India. Capt. Stewart intervened with General Havelock at the end of the Mutiny and thus spared many native temples from destruction

table conference," which could mean nothing but surrender of something vital, and for that offence he should have been recalled. So he would have been if we had had a man of iron among our political leaders, yet as we know, Mr. Baldwin a short time ago was almost falling over himself in his anxiety to give India to the noisy "National" section, and Ramsay MacDonald, of course, will gladly surrender any part of the Empire as he would have surrendered during the War had he had a say. Truth to tell we have had a sorry list of irresolute Proconsuls in India since the spacious days of Lord Dufferin. Lord Curzon began to surrender to extremists, Lord Minto temporised with extremists, Lord Hardinge, Lord Chelmsford, Lord Reading, and now Lord Irwin have all given way. They have thought less of Britain than of some flabby-minded idea of "India for the Indians." And how India would have loved a strong and resolute Viceroy!

I DON'T pretend to say that we are in India primarily for the advantage of the millions of natives. Why should we be? If we have sacrificed hundreds of thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of money to establish an Indian Dependency we should be entitled to get all out of it that we can. We treat the natives decently because it is our character, but the Russians or Mongols would not treat them decently. If the Gandhis, Nehrus, Kitchlews, and the rest of them think they can kick the British out of India neck and crop they are quite entitled to try it on, but we British should not hesitate for a moment to let them understand what war will mean under the British Raj. All the paraphernalia of modern warfare should be employed against such enemies, and they should be arrested and tried for high treason. It is the law of the survival of the fittest.

THE British became a great nation and ruled nearly half the world because of their adventurous and, when needed, warlike qualities. It is only within the last twenty years or so that we have apologised for our Empire. Our race, maritime, adventurous, self-reliant, inventive, courageous, are a better people than the Indians, Arabs, Mongols, Copts, Levantines, and all the rest of them, and I want to know why we haven't the courage to say so, and the logic to act upon it. Our people, best of the Nordics, have civilised the east and south of the world, eliminated slavery, destroyed oppression, ruled with laws which the whole world respects, brought prosperity to lands once arid or given up to rapine and poverty. We have given more to India, Egypt, South Africa, and other parts of the Empire than we have ever taken away from them. Why not say so? Why not proudly parade our superiority instead of miserable shufflings, hesitations, surrenders, and humiliating temporisations? If anyone dared to invade Fifeshire or the Isle of Wight, wouldn't the fat be in the fire? Why do we allow the Gandhis to invade our rights in India and to destroy all those rights and our wealth?

LORD IRWIN IN INDIA *Central News*

The photograph shows the Viceroy (in centre) watching wild elephants being isolated and roped in the enclosure into which they have been driven by mahouts on trained elephants

THE Empire is a business proposition, only our flabby-minded Imperialists can't see it because they can't see beyond the tips of their noses. We must sell our goods to the Empire more and more as we are frozen out of foreign markets by tariff walls. If we cannot sell our products to India and other dependencies because hostile native politicians are given power through the humiliating surrenders of our politicians, and if they are allowed to destroy or undermine our possessions or investments, how can this country continue? How can we pay the Dole if our businesses are dried up at the fount? And why do our politicians of every party—yes, of every party—gaily weaken the bonds of Empire to every handful of agitators and malcontents merely because they are noisy and rebellious?

THE doctrine of the Survival of the Fittest applies to us in Britain. We can only survive if we are fit to govern and dominate lesser races in the present and future as in the past. We proved in the War that the nation is not decadent, and we equally proved that most of our politicians were mealy-mouthed, timid, vacillating, and always ready to wobble at the first hint of trouble. It seems to me that the only thing we can do is to resuscitate a young National Party that will wave the Union Jack with energy and bellicose determination. The old parties have been found wanting. All we need is a leader who is young and bold enough to throw himself into the fray and reck nothing of the cost. It is worth the effort. "KIM."

FAMOUS IRISH HUNTS AND HUNTERS

Above (left) is Mr. C. McCormack, the son of Count John McCormack, at a meet of the "Killing Kildares." He is seen on one of his very fine hunters

Top right: Followers of the County Galway ("The Blazers") at Castle Ellen, near Athenry. In the centre of the group are Mr. Bowes Daly, the Master, the Countess of Dalkeith, the Earl of Altamont, the Marquess of Sligo's heir, and Major R. T. Stanyforth, of the 17th Lancers

Centre: The Misses Kennedy and Mrs. Bacon out with the "Killing Kildares," at Rathcoole. The first two are the daughters of the late Mr. Edward Kennedy, who bred The Tetrarch among other famous horses

On left: Mr. Atty Persse, the famous trainer, with the jockeys, H. Beasley and P. Beasley, at a meet of the County Limerick Foxhounds. Mr. Persse is Joint-Master of this pack with Mr. A. P. Pollok

FILM NOTES

HAROLD LLOYD BREAKS THE SILENCE

By Lionel Collier

Jack Buchanan and Irene Bordoni in "Paris," a new First National Picture to be seen in the West End shortly

So Harold Lloyd has at last appeared in his first talkie, and of its type "Welcome Danger" at the Carlton must be considered very good. Luckily, Lloyd has realised that it is not himself so much as the "stunts" which form the attraction of his pictures. He has also realised, or his director has realised, that even if you put dialogue into slapstick comedy it is still the action that counts. Now Harold Lloyd does not speak his lines badly, in fact he is good, but it is not out of them that he gets his biggest laughs. For this reason I would not say that "Welcome Danger" is as funny a picture as "Safety Last."

THIS comedian is one of those whom you either like or dislike. His humour is of the kind that finds its main expression in giving or receiving a blow, and there is little of the pathos which makes Charlie Chaplin a genius. He is not so much a clown in himself as a clown by mechanical contrivance.

THE story, such as it is, concerns the doings of an amateur detective who sets the police department by the ears, and who finally gets involved in an adventure in an opium dealer's den. Here things get riotous, but I found the effects noises were almost too much at times for my ear drums. There is, of course, a girl in the case, and a pretty one in the shape of Barbara Kent, and also a crippled boy, for whose sake Lloyd welcomes danger in the opium den. It is all very unsophisticated, and there is no bad error of taste. Corpses are introduced to add to the general effect of terror in the den, and they are distinctly out of place in a picture of this type. Anyway, if you are feeling young and not critical, and especially if you are in the company of young people, "Welcome Danger" won't leave you unmoved.

A LITTLE while ago a silent picture called "Submarine" was produced which contained some of the cleverest underwater sequences I have seen. The same story, to all intents and purposes, which was used for that has been used for the new talking picture "Flight," with the adventures transferred from the ocean bed to the air. It is interesting to note this paucity of story material, and also the fact that the thrilling moments in the picture would be just as impressive silent. It is, in fact, an action picture with dialogue taking the place of sub-titles, which, to my mind, is the way a talking picture should be produced. I do not think that better aerial sequences than those in "Flight"—which will probably be seen in the West End soon—have ever been screened, not even excepting in "Wings."

THE story, as a matter of fact, does not bear analysis. We are introduced to a football star who touches down on his own line and so scores against his own side. In remorse he joins the Marines, and is drafted to the Air Force, where he meets a tyrannical sergeant with a tender heart. It is, in

Dolores del Rio and Bobby Mack in "Evangeline," Edwin Carewe's picturisation of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's lone epic, to be seen at the Piccadilly

THE COCKNEY SPIRIT TRIUMPHS

Ralph Graves tending his friend after a crash. A scene in "Flight," a thrilling and dramatic story of the American Air Service

fact, tender both for the new recruit and for a nurse, who, however, prefers the ex-footballer. These kind-hearted sergeants are a feature in American pictures, and makes one realise what one has missed by not being in the American Army during the War. Just in the same way as one can fully realise what one has missed, judging by college pictures, through not going to an American college. They have bathing beauties and everything.

THIS by the way. The new recruit is a failure as an airman, but is taken on as the sergeant's mechanic, and when they go on a raid into Nicaragua the nurse comes too. The sergeant makes the new recruit propose for him. What a man! Of course, the inevitable follows, and the sergeant learns that he is unloved and proceeds to knock it out of his mechanic.

HOWEVER, a call to duty ends hostilities, and during a bombing attack on the enemy our footballer hero is brought down and reported missing. The squadron goes to look for him, but the sergeant tells the kindly colonel that he has fever, and so is allowed to remain behind. Conscience, further livened up by rude remarks from the nurse, makes him set out on his own. He finds his mechanic, whose pilot is dead and whom he has burnt in the aeroplane. While attempting to take off they are attacked, and the mechanic gets his chance and, having repelled the bandits, pilots the machine home, thereby regaining his prestige, winning the nurse, and making the kindly colonel most frightfully pleased.

Jack Holt, who is to be seen and heard in "Flight," a film in which some thrilling flying is to be seen

IF the production were on a level with the story I would not recommend you to see the picture, but it is not. Aerial attacks, in which the ex-footballer makes good, are excellently shown, and the characterisations given by Ralph Forbes as the mechanic and Jack Holt as the sergeant are virile, human, and amusing. If you cannot believe that a hard-bitten sergeant would get his friend to propose for him it does not really matter, because action comes along to divert your mind.

WHAT is, I think, the most noticeably British picture in spirit that we have yet had is on, as I write, at the Capitol. "Splinters" captures the atmosphere of the Cockney humour of the War in a way that will prove as irresistible to those that remember it as to those who have only heard about it.

JACK RAYMOND, the producer, has had only the simple material of the formation of the famous concert party as the basis for his story, but he has made it into something that deserves that very much over-used word, epic, applied to it. It is indeed an epic of the spirit which permeates the British soldier.

STARTING with the Army Commander's idea to form a concert party to amuse the men, it develops through the calling from the trenches during a heavy bombardment of the man who was to run it (Hal Jones), through try-outs to rehearsals, and finally ends in a climax where the members of the party have to rush from a show in order to help repel an attack. Right through the atmosphere convinces, and if some of the humour is weak one can forgive it because it does so truly represent such concert parties in actuality.

ALTHOUGH both Hal Jones and Reg Stone were in the original show at the Front, it is not their humour nearly as much as that of Sydney Howard and Nelson Keys as two would-be artists which dominates the picture. These latter, too, are excellent, and one could have done with more of them. It is only fair to say that Hal Jones is very good when he is acting his part; it is when he is appearing as a turn that he loses much of his appeal.

Personally, I do not like female impersonations, so that Reg Stone's efforts in that direction left me rather cold. I did feel that it would have been better to have used the songs for him (or her) which were actually sung at the front. However, "Splinters" is a cheery picture and, moreover, wholly British both in effect and personnel. It deserves, and will repay, a visit.

L. C.

BY STAN TERRY

"But how do you know she's a telephone girl?"
"Oh, I said 'Hello'—and she didn't answer!"

if gossip we

Stage Photo Co.

THE SEASON OF FANCY DRESS

Mr. Alexander Field, who plays Mason the Cook, turns from tea to paste. He is seen in a remarkable portrayal of a famous advertising figure at a recent fancy dress ball

IF Twelfth Night was properly observed the holly has now been taken down from the top of "The Soul's Awakening" and "The Stag at Bay," the mistletoe having been kissed under until its berries shrivelled is now in the dustbin, the last vestiges of Christmas cakes and boxes of sweets have been consumed, and the last thank-you-very-much letter has been penned, posted, and, one hopes, delivered. I make this last wish since I have never known a holiday season for such delays on the part of the Post Office. Were so vastly fewer letters despatched in the old days when each cost 1*d.* instead of 1½*d.*? I doubt it. Yet they arrived at their destination, if not punctually, at any rate less unpunctually. Even in the London district it was impossible to rely on a letter posted in the afternoon or evening reaching its destination the next day. As for parcels, to or from the country, many, within my own experience, took a week or more.

WE all realise that the Post Office has much additional work at such a time, and we stump up the Christmas box more or less cheerfully to the postman (who is probably not the man to blame, anyway, for the muddles). But why should additional work put a Government Department out of joint? That it does do so is a proof of inefficiency. Because Mr. Selfridge, Mr. Harrod, Mr. Harvey and Mr. Nichols have more than the normal amount of customers towards the end of December, that does not mean that those customers are not satisfied. Yet the Post Office customers during that period are not satisfied. Because the circulation of THE BYSTANDER is going up and more and more people clamour to buy us each week, that does not mean that they *can't* buy us, or have to be supplied three days late, or some nonsense of that sort. The amazing adventure of the *Daily Express* reporter, who strolled in and out of the Mount Pleasant parcels office without being challenged, points to the fact that there is something seriously wrong somewhere. (It may also account for the non-arrival, as yet, of the 100 cigars the Editor declares he sent me for a Christmas present.)

HE: "Did you see the notice
SHE: "Yes. Where are

BY A. R. CANE

GRANDFATHER: "I have no wish to depress you, my boy, but I must say your grandmother used to *knit* better pictures than that!"

HOWSOEVER, the holiday season has, on the whole, been a cheery one for, I trust, most of us. The traditional attributes of Christmas, easy though it is to be superior about them, have warmed the cockles of my heart and of those of most people I have come across. "Christmas, what with wassail and Tiny Tim and G. K. Wenceslas and all

must

By Graham Simmons

my death in this morning's papers?"
pe king from?"

that sort of blah," is the reference of the official Labour organ. Is Christmas, and the essential friendliness and decency of it, just—blah? Strange that those who have the word "Comrade" always on their tongue should thus belittle the very festival of comradeship. I may be blamed for not seeing the "humour" of this extract. The unangelic *Herald* does, I believe, regularly indulge in a sort of lumbering facetiousness. But there is a serious note behind it all. There is no need for the Socialists, in their efforts to lick the boots of Russia, to sneer at Christmas just because the Bolshevists have abolished it. Kalmin, Stalin and Company are full of brains, and despise the sedulous ape.

THE WINSTON AND THE CHANCELLOR

(With apologies to Lewis Carroll's "The Walrus and the Carpenter")

THE Winston and the Chancellor
Were fighting hand to hand,
Across the Table of the House
Each stalwart took his stand,
And all the brave back-benchers came
To give their man a hand.

"The Chancellor," the Winston said,
"Has done a deal of harm;
He's crapulous and narrow, too,
And lacks all trace of charm,
In fact, his fell activities
I view with grave alarm!"

"The Winston," snapped the Chancellor,
"Robbed every reserve,
He skinned the British Public with
His customary verve,
And now he dares to go for me—
I ask you! What *a nerve!"*

John Citizen, he heard with hope
The thunder of the fray
And timidly inquired if it
Would help him in some way,
Then both looked scandalised and cried
"Lord, no! You *pay, pay, pay!"*

B. W.

As to New Year's Eve festivities, here is an incident not without humour. As midnight struck, out of a gigantic egg at one of the restaurants leaped a be-lighted Cupid, who aimed a tinsel arrow at a man at the nearest table. He was dancing with his second wife. "Cupid" was his first.

I HEAR that Col. Grant Morden, M.P. for Chiswick and Brentford, who has been seriously ill with congestion of the lungs, is now much better and out of danger. It will, however, be a long while before he is himself again and able to act as the most genial of chairmen at the periodical dinners of the Irish Club.

He will probably go for a voyage in the Mediterranean to recuperate, for he owns a fine steam yacht which is usually to be seen at Cannes,

Photopress

A scene from that full-blooded play of pirates and the Jolly Roger, "Treasure Island," at the Strand Theatre. Robert Loraine plays that amiable arch-villain Long John Silver with great gusto

By N. Bentley

An impression of that great music hall favourite Miss Nellie Wallace. Her "low life" studies are justly popular and her fervent admonitions, "Now listen, girls," are the preludes to much mirth

SAYING IT WITH RECORDS

and he often travels from London by air to join her.

Air travel is Col. Grant Morden's favourite method, and I have more than once known him set out after breakfast from Heatherden Hall, his house at Iver Heath, attend a business meeting in Paris, lunch there, and be back home for dinner.

By Cuicor

"When are you thinking of getting married, Maud?"
"Always, madam!"

AMONG many New Year's cards, one that I have received—from Sir Francis Towle, of the May Fair and other hotels—is both original and effective. It is quite a conventional-looking card until it is turned over, when one sees a miniature gramophone record about the size of the top of a tumbler (or, in deference to Lady Astor, the top of a tea-cup). When this is placed on the machine it recites, in Sir Francis's own voice, the greetings of the season and a diplomatic, yet businesslike, wish that he may have the pleasure of welcoming you during 1930 at one or all of the establishments of which he is the genial genius.

I mean to copy this idea next year, but with a variation. I shall have two sets of gramophone cards made—one for the people I like and one for those I do not. The first set will contain blessings and all sorts of sincere expressions of goodwill. The second will be equally sincere, and will say plenty of illuminating things, culminating in the remark that if any person who has received the card wishes to hear them repeated to his face he has only to call at a given address.

By Hendy

"What do you drink?"
"I often wonder!"

FAY COMPTON, looking deliciously pretty, and Edna Best were present at the first night of the revival of *Iolanthe* at the Savoy. "Heavens, the relief of finding something that is really witty and has brains behind it!" remarked the former. She has been doing much film work of late, but I do not suggest that that is what prompted the utterance. But it was not without its importance. There are plenty of brainless people on the stage as well as off it. It is, however, a mistake to suppose that all people concerned with certain modern productions are intellectually on a level with the authors who write them, the impresario who puts them on, and the majority of the public who pay large sums of money to see them. I know a musical comedy actress, supremely good at her job, who reads Marcus Aurelius because she likes Marcus Aurelius and understands him. There is a tendency to imagine that all the intellectuality among players is confined to those who appear on Sunday nights in drab adaptations from Continental gloom-mongers. Conversely, one may appear in Tchekov and be a half-wit. Indeed, I am not certain that that would not be an advantage.

THE new Savoy Theatre has its discomforts, for the corridors are those of the old Savoy, narrow and labyrinthine. The Hampton Court Maze is an "also ran" compared with the approaches to this handsome auditorium. Yet one is not hustled out of it the moment the curtain falls. I have experienced the discomfort of being pursued by attendants with dust-sheets less than a minute after the curtain has fallen; they were busy covering up the front rows of the stalls before I had time to dive for a hat and coat, and I was literally "shooed" into the passage. That is not all. At the Princes Theatre the other night it was raining hard and taxis were difficult

Leslie Sarony and Emma Haig cower before [illegible] in a scene from "Silver Wings." This musical [illegible] be seen in the West E[illegible]

Wide World

The Irwin Sisters, seen above in a somewhat complicated pose, are two acrobatic dancers who are not only beautiful, but extremely clever. They are appearing at the London Coliseum this week

to obtain. The Princes' tiny foyer—it is a large theatre, built solely with the object of holding as much money as possible and without a thought for the comfort of its patrons—could scarcely hold all those who were waiting. None the less, they were bustled out on to the pavement and the doors barred and bolted and the lights put out before one could say Heather Thatcher. And, believe me, this corner of Shaftesbury Avenue on a wintry night is emphatically not "a warm corner." That is not the way to give the theatre the popularity it is sadly needing.

Stage Photo Co.

Fearsome brigand, John Kirby, which opened in Edinburgh, will shortly

CONSISTENTLY have I advocated that we should, like the wisest of all nations, the French, have our meals in public as much as possible. "Which," as David Copperfield's landlady said of skittles, "is healthy and diwerts the mind." Also, the habit is good for the restaurants—and I like restaurants—good for money. But each time a restaurant of any standing is visited there is, in addition to the waiter's tip of 10 per cent. or more, a bob to the man who takes your hat, a bob to the man who hands you a towel when you wash, a bob to the man who gets you a taxi—and so forth. Restaurants defeat their own ends by allowing this custom to continue.

THAT the system should exist at all in dance and dinner clubs is ludicrous. This dealing out of bobs goes on at the Embassy, Ciro's, etc., just as it does at the Berkeley or Savoy. What on earth is a club for if it is not to eliminate these incidental annoyances? I could go as far as saying that not even waiters should be tipped in these establishments. They call themselves clubs, so for heaven's sake let them be run as clubs—as clubs such as White's, the Marlborough, or the "Senior." No tips to any servants, but a well-subscribed-to-Christmas fund, to be divided among the staff.

"BOAT Race Night" is now close at hand, and will doubtless result in the usual outcry against the behaviour of a minority of rather silly young men. I can quite understand the indignation of people who have paid for their seats at a theatre only to have their enjoyment spoiled. But so many plays are so idiotic that I think I would prefer the shouts of undergraduates to the feeble attempt of some comedians to interpret a "book" that is the last word in futility. This does not excuse bad manners, of course, but the extent of those bad manners is much exaggerated, and a little touch of Saturnalia at times does no one any harm.

BY JACK GREENALL

"Joyce was the shining light of the ball, wasn't she?"
"Yes, about a hundred scandal power!"

The familiar attempts to make political capital out of these outbursts make me tired. Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates nowadays are very rarely the sons of the rich, bloated or otherwise. The vast majority of them do not indulge in these festivities at all. And the crowds on these occasions are largely composed of those who are not undergraduates at all.

FURS AND FURBELOWS

By Blanche B. Elliott

Miss Blanche B. Elliott, the well-known fashion expert, discusses in this article the most attractive types of furs which are now in favour, and has much to say concerning the very latest French frocks to be devised by the experts

A Louiseboulanger evening frock with widely puffed panniers of striped pink and black taffeta, and underskirt of filmy pale pink chiffon

Specially sketched for THE BYSTANDER *in Paris*

TRADITION and the calendar have dedicated the month of January to the pursuit of the elusive sale-bargain. And at no time during the year is it more necessary to keep one's head—doing well to remember that to buy a thing one does not want, however cheap, is in no manner of sense a bargain. Still, with much cold weather to come, there will be opportunities to pick up some interesting things for immediate wear. So, with the herd instinct strong upon them, the bargain hunters are hard at it—more power to their elbow!—an especially sharp one on these occasions being a perfect godsend!

IT is often possible to pick up a really good fur at sale times, and this is always a pleasant acquisition. Ermine is particularly seductive and makes a delicious wrap for evening. Delicate in colour and texture, too, is summer ermine in a soft beige, the natural summer coat of the beautiful little creature. A sable or mink tie is useful to wear with our Spring tailor-mades, and the inevitable fox is always a boon. Furs are studied more closely on the other side of the Atlantic, the Canadian, particularly, being a connoisseur. There is also a greater variety of furs worn in the States, and, one might add, a greater necessity for wearing them. Leopard-skin coats are favoured a good deal by the young and dashing, with its near fur, the leopard cat. Civet cat, in its boldly contrasting black and white, forms entire coats, but is more successful as a coat trimming, while no American student considers him or herself properly equipped without the hard-wearing raccoon coat. Then there is the American opossum, with its light, silvery, long hair, which also belongs to the inexpensive and, to us, little known brands. Great scorn is poured on anything of the rabbit species, which is so much worn over here under its genteel title of "coney," while the nameless breeds of yellow furs, doubtless the domestic cat, is only too often worn unashamedly by women who could really afford something better.

THE modern furrier has small respect for any convention in furs, and they are shaved, clipped, and dyed beyond recognition. For the sunny South, Worth showed fox fur collars dyed the same shade as the coat they trimmed, pale green, pale yellow, and even pink being amongst them. Blue fox is, of course, blue only in name. It is fashionable, too, in many pastel shades. The natural coloured skins seem to be enhanced, if anything, by such eccentricities, the silver fox, in its perfect black and silver, heading the list in price. It is closely copied in the "pointed" fox, but the latter has to be declared as such according to the strict rules that guard the fur trade. It is the silver fox the Frenchwoman most affects, as it crowns with a sense of completion the black or black and white toilette she loves best to wear.

WITH the Hunt and County Balls in full swing, and many a smart and fashionable affair evolved in the name of charity, our evening frocks are matters of grave concern and attention. Scaioni has pictured a Norman Hartnell frock of pale green which glitters like a scintillating star. Incidentally, Hartnell has bravely tackled the problem of the long skirt and the dance. He takes a soft black chiffon and starts small, fluffy frills somewhere at a point below the chest, swirls them round to fall on one side to a train, while on the other, long folds of chiffon flow gracefully trailing to the floor. One picks up each point to dance, and, being long enough to fall round the ankles, the curving drapery gives a picturesque line. In his view, too, tulle is no longer a material especially adapted to the debutante, but is included in the most sophisticated one's wardrobe, its deliciously ethereal and filmy quality being utterly becoming to all ages. As a sharp contrast to the shiny paillette—a combination shown by all the big couturiers—it forms the union of a cloud and a glittering icicle, appealing to one's æsthetic as well as to one's sartorial sense.

QUITE a stir was made at Louiseboulanger's recent collection by her pannier frocks when she bunched literally yards of taffeta on to the hips. Our artist has sketched one such model for THE BYSTANDER, to show what some may have in store for us. That it may be regarded as a gay "gesture" this daring creator occasionally indulges in, rather than a mode for Spring, is the opinion the more cautious have expressed. We have been very amenable, on the whole, but if asked to go back to the pannier period such as these advanced models would have us believe, one feels we must really hold our hands a bit!

THE taste that is considered exclusively "French" one may often find very well represented at some of the smaller Paris houses. This is best described as the very essence of restraint in dress clothes, and it is always stamped on the models the r e a l l y well-dressed Frenchwoman affects. She is apt to leave the eccentricities to other nationalities. Of this type of frock Lucile Paray's collection showed many, and though she included styles called "Majestic," "Palm Beach," and so forth, there was that deliciously French atmosphere about her frocks that one journeys so regularly to the Gay City expressly to see. She used capes enormously and sometimes a double cape; also the helpful little bolero which is so youthful in effect. The blouse was much seen with characteristic little tabs which often buttoned corsage to skirt. A model several remarked on was called "Black and White," where a new treatment of the skirt was shown. It was made in a corselet style, pulled well up on to a high waistline, rather like a trouser top, and slit down at intervals to the normal waistline, where it was held by a narrow belt. Worn with a white silk shirt and long coat it made a stunning outfit. She also showed some delicious tweeds, a flecked pink ensemble, and a black with yellow sweater being particularly attractive. Collars are always original here, and some showed the tab effect mentioned above.

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Scaioni, Paris*

A youthful flair marks this delightful Norman Hartnell evening frock of palest leaf green, with its top in a square fishnet ending in deep, flaunting flounces of tulle. The little jacket is of green net embroidered with glistening paillettes. *Model, Norman Hartnell*

By Baird

"People say she's a dark horse"
"Oh, well, I expect they mean a night mare!"

MRS. SLIGHTLY SPEAKS

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

By PETER TREVOR

"How do you do? How *do* you do? . . You want me to draw a card. Oh, yes, of course! There! I've drawn the ace, so I play with you, Mabel, as you've drawn the king. *Not* with you? . . . But the ace takes the king, and so it's the highest. . . . How *silly* of me. I never *can* remember! Then I play with Mrs.—er—I didn't catch the name—Hunter? Thank you.

"Oh, yes. Penny points will suit me admirably. I don't mind what I play for, though I generally . . . Have we choice of seats? How nice! Then I think I'll sit here, if you don't mind your back to the fire, Mrs.—er—Gunter . . . oh, I *am* so sorry. Hunter, of course.

"I beg your pardon? Your 'double of one is informative'? How *amusing!* . . . What was that? You said your 'double of two is business.' Business as usual, ha-ha! But *I* play for pleasure, you know! I *love* the game.

"Shall we commence? . . . Oh, no, it isn't my deal . . . of course, if you *say* so. What pretty backs these cards have! Just like a pack I played with at Lady Devson's the other day. You know her, *of course?* . . . oh, a charming woman and a beautiful Bridge player.

"Excuse me one moment while I take this glove off . . . oh, there's something the matter with this pack. I've only dealt myself twelve cards. . . . A misdeal? . . . I hardly think so. I *never* misdeal. . . . You've got fourteen cards? . . . Oh, well, if you *say* so. Then it's *your* deal this time. . . . I deal again? If you *insist!*

"Thirteen! That's right. Now I hope *everybody's* satisfied. I don't mind telling you, partner, that I'm a *dashing* player. . . . My declaration? Why, so it is! How silly of me. It was the misdeal misled me. Now what shall I say? I wish I could see your hand, partner; it would make it so much easier!

"I was told the other day by an *extremely* good Bridge player never to call without top honours; but then he also told me not to forget that *length* was also useful. I wonder if I should go a diamond or a spade? . . .

"I beg your pardon, I was doing *nothing* of the sort. I was *not* conveying information to my partner. In fact, I think I shall go two clubs, and then there *can't* be any argument! That is my call, and I suppose I may be allowed to say *that* and give information to my partner. Otherwise why *have* one? . . . I beg your pardon, Mrs. Punter? . . Oh, I understand. 'Why, indeed!' meant you agreed with me.

"Did you say *three* hearts, Mabel? . . . . What, *four* spades, partner? And you are saying nothing, Mrs.—er——? Then I'll go five clubs! Not enough! I don't understand, Mabel. My partner went four spades and I went five clubs. In my young days five was bigger than four. . . . What *has* the multiplication table got to do with it? . . . No, Mabel, I'm not a child. I know *perfectly* well that five sixes are thirty. What are four nines? This is absurd! Thirty-six, of course!

"I must go *six* clubs doubled? But I've only got six in my hand. That's why I went six. . . . I'm sure when I played at Lady Devson's . . .

"Six hundred down! Really, partner, if you'd left me in *two* clubs. I was overcalled? Well, why go spades? And four! *I believe you didn't want me to play the hand!* Whose deal is it now? I'm sure . . . *Is* that your rubber? I've forgotten to keep the score. Seventeen hundred and four points! Well, partner, you must admit we were *most* unlucky. . . . I can't remember *ever* having revoked before. But even the *best* players sometimes make mistakes. That means I owe . . . WHAT!!! Seven pounds two shillings! Why, I make it one and fi'pence . . . of course, I meant a penny a hundred. Lady Devson never plays . . ."

CURLING 1820.

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820 —— Still going Strong

CURLING: A Scottish ice-sport, immensely popular for well over a century. All ranks—peasants, peers, parsons—mingle at the 'bonspiels' (set matches) in keen and hilarious competition.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

G

THE MATERIA

RIAL-ISTIC AGE

BY HOWARD FLCOCK

PLAYER'S AIRMAN TOBACCOS

SOLD IN 1oz. 2oz. & 4oz. PACKINGS

ALL AT 9½D PER OZ.

AIRMAN MIXTURE
AIRMAN NAVY CUT
AIRMAN FLAKE
AIRMAN GOLDEN HONEYDEW
AIRMAN BROWN HONEYDEW

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

LIVE AND LET LIVE

By LIONEL BROWN

Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday

An English M.F.H. and an American shooting enthusiast fall out on account of the American destroying the huntsman's foxes, which are ruining his shoot. To complicate matters the Englishman is in love with the American's daughter. The story shows how on several occasions the two sportsmen fall foul of each other, but the romance continues to thrive. It is only towards the end of the story that the American, finding a few hounds on the scent but away from the others, shows such a sportsmanlike spirit in his extraordinary behaviour that the story is brought to a happy conclusion.

PEGGY GRANT stopped short on her way across the hall of Brocklehurst Manor as Hickory Dick's hurricane bellow came booming through the library door. Peggy chuckled softly—"Pop's at it again," she summarised, and, with a humane idea of rendering first aid, opened the door and looked in. The movement caught the attention of a tall young man standing midway to the window; he started and stared in frank admiration. Peggy stared back appraisingly; the young man looked as if he might be built of whalebone and steel covered with pleasantly tanned skin, and his grey eyes held a twinkle that went straight to her heart. He, in turn, saw a piquant little face, a head of ash-gold waves and the subtlest feminine figure that had yet crossed the Atlantic. First impressions are dangerous things—these first impressions dug their claws in and no mistake.

Peggy turned inquiringly to her father.

"What's the row, pop?"

THE man addressed would have served an impressionist sculptor as a model for Obstinacy. In youth Richard Grant had abandoned his native land to seek a fortune in the New World; he had fought to the death with his hands, had worked almost to the death with pick and shovel, and had found gold—in the process earning himself the sobriquet of "Hickory Dick," a title to match his toughness. Now, at fifty, England had called and he had returned and found a home after his own heart, intent on indulging a long treasured passion for shooting.

Grant made a motion of introduction.

"My little girl, Mr. Brett, she's just come over to keep house for me—her mother won't shift outa the States. Mr. Brett's the M.F.H., Peggy, and he's gotta notion I rear pheasants to feed his foxes"

"Not quite," the young man smiled agreeably. "We only ask you not to exterminate the Brocklehurst foxes. If there are too many we'll thin them down for you——"

"And leave two behind for every one you kill. No, thank you, I'll deal with them my own way"

"But," argued Brett. "when we leased you the Manor you promised to preserve foxes."

"In reasonable numbers." Grant grinned. "And it's me to judge what's reasonable. I'd eighty nests destroyed this spring by foxes, there were three litters of cubs in 'Bounds Wood' alone. I ain't a philanthropist, I took the place to make a shoot of it and I'm going to!"

Brett tried again, still smiling disarmingly

"As a sportsman, sir, you know it's always been the tradition between sportsmen to give and take—to 'Live and Let Live.'"

Peggy's clear laugh rang out delightedly.

"Gosh, I like that! 'Live and Let Live'—and you're all barbarians, crazy on killing things!"

The grey eyes held hers steadily

"I'm not attempting to justify blood-sports, Miss Grant, their apologists only blacken the case against them. I admit I love hunting. To me it's the finest sport in the world—and it's a clean sport with a fine old tradition behind it. England will lose something of its national character if hunting goes by the board, as it must go if shooting men in your father's position set their faces against it. My family's hunted the Brocklehurst hounds for centuries. Now," he shrugged, "we can't afford to keep them up on our own, we've been forced to turn them into a subscription pack and it's my duty as Master to find sport for the subscribers. The Manor here is in the very heart of our best country, and we 'let' to your father on the understanding that there would be no interference with hunting."

Hickory Dick stuck his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat and rocked to and fro on his heels.

"I ain't interfered with you drawing my coverts."

"No—but the last twice we've drawn them we've drawn blank! And from what your head keeper says it's likely we'll go on doing so."

"Look here!" Grant drove home his argument with a thick forefinger. "When I kinda promised to keep foxes here I didn't know what hunting was! You call it clean sport—I call it dirty! I'd sooner swat flies on a round of beef. Sport? Gosh!"

Brett restrained his temper with a laugh.

"I could say a lot of hard things of shooting, sir."

"There's one thing you can't say, Mr. Brett. You can't say the shooting man don't pay for his sport. You hunters expect your foxes housed and watched over and fed on pheasants and not a penny to pay—you won't get it here!"

"Does that mean you are going on trapping foxes?"

"It does!"

The young man's colour deepened.

"Then there is nothing more to be said. I came here as a friend, hoping for compromise; tho' I'm not a shooting man I see your side, but your attitude won't help others to see it—and it's going to make things uncomfortable!"

Grant pulled a bunch of letters from his pocket.

"That explains these! I wrote six of your local sportsmen to shoot with me on the 17th—men I've met and dined with; I get six refusals without so much as a conventional regret. That's how I'm to be made uncomfortable—I'm to be boycotted!"

"We think your conduct a breach of faith." Brett's voice was troubled. "If you're not prepared to keep your promise we're not prepared to be friends."

The light of battle lit Hickory Dick's deep eyes.

"Now mark my answer, young man, and take it back to your camp. I'll be ridden over roughshod by no one. From now let you and your hounds keep off my land or there'll be trouble!" He reached for the bell and rang. "Good morning!"

Brett gathered up his hat and crop, his eyes on Peggy.

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss Grant, but I can do no more."

Peggy was furious with her father, but she was loyal.

"You've sure done quite enough. Good morning!"

"Good-bye," said Brett unhappily, "and I'm sorry."

When he had gone Peggy's indignation broke bounds.

"YOU'RE a darned old curmudgeon, pop! What do a few pheasants matter, anyhow. I was getting on fine here; now you've spoiled it all!"

"You can manage without his sort," grunted Hickory.

"I maybe can," returned Peggy. "But I'd a fancy to try hunting myself."

"Well, you won't! Not at my expense."

Peggy thought differently, but she said nothing.

(All rights strictly reserved)

THE 17th came moist and blustery for Mr. Grant's first shoot. He had got together a complement of guns from away and was keen on setting up a record.

The big stand of the day was at Bounds Wood, and there Peggy joined the party as a spectator. Faintly on the wind came a whisper of wild music. Hounds—and they were running. Peggy looked at her father, but he had eyes for nothing save the covert before him. She looked west again; a bulge in the landscape had hidden the hunt. Were they running for Bickley Common, she wondered, and turned towards it—five hundred acres of riotous furze and briars in the valley eastward, a haunt of gipsies and poachers, a deathbed for pheasants, so Whitrick, the head keeper, declared. The Common looked sinister and forbidding under the darkening November sky—Peggy could well imagine it deserving its evil reputation. Her attention came back to the business in hand. Faintly came the rattle of beaters' sticks, stabbed now and again by Whitrick's whistle as he swung and guided the line; the wind, increasing every moment, was holding the birds down, making them run instead of rise, and it would need all his woodcraft to prevent their breaking wide over the boundary to Bickley.

Over the fence came a hound and began nosing about, then another and another and another—Peggy counted twenty; no one seemed to see them until suddenly they flung themselves on the refound scent in a wild outburst of joy.

"What's that?" Grant sprang from his shooting stick, saw what was happening, and ran shouting to head them off. Two "stops" ran shouting and waving their sticks—they might as well have tried to turn a herd of charging elephants. Into covert crashed ten couple of demons, yelling "blood—blood—blood" on a red-hot line!

To Peggy it seemed as if Bedlam was loosed. Cock—cock—cock—Whirr-rrr! Cock—cock—cock—Whirr-rrr! Cock—cock—cock—Whirr-rrr . . . the crouching, running pheasants, with the beaters behind them, rose as one bird, rocketing through the treetops in the gale, streaks of jewelled speed they hurled themselves, far out of shot, over the boundary to Bickley Common, never to return.

Whitrick's whistle shrilled desperately; beaters, losing their heads, ran all ways shouting; from over the boundary came more and still more clamorous hounds, followed by red coats and black, thongs sang in the air, a horn blew frantically, hoofs thundered on turf . . .

And through it all Hickory Dick cursed as few men can.

Peggy hardly heard him, her eyes were on a tall figure in pink who had flung his reins to a friend and was striding towards them . . .

The Master reached Peggy and her father as the red-brown streak broke cover. . . .

Hickory Dick still had possession of his gun if not of his senses. Up it went, barked once, and a dead fox came slithering along the grass, carried to Brett's feet by the speed of its last impetus. . . .

For a moment there was silence; it seemed to Peggy as if silence had fallen on the world!

She heard the Hon. Norman Brett say, in a voice straight off the ice:

"I came to apologise, sir, for an unavoidable accident. Now, apologies are superfluous."

Grant laughed, the sort of laugh that must have helped to exterminate the brontosaurus when man took over its primeval swamps

"You ——! If you and your —— flunkeys don't git I'll blow holes in the —— lot of you! You worked this stunt on purpose to spoil my shoot, and you know it!"

Brett's cap clapped on to his dark head with a snap, he bowed stiffly to Peggy, turned on his heel and was gone.

And that day's work was done.

PEGGY felt her way through the fog with the care of a cab-driver with a thrice-endorsed licence. The spotlight on the dumb-iron hardly helped at all so opaque was the evening. Cautiously she bore left where the bend should have been—and the soft arms of Bickley Common took the car into its embrace.

Peggy clambered out, lit a cigarette, and surveyed the situation with the self-reliant calm that has made the women of her nation what they are.

Eight miles of weary road lay between her and Brocklehurst Manor. Hands in pockets she set out sturdily. She

"Pop! Whatever's happened to you?"

remembered a short cut, she had taken it before on her rambles with the dogs, it was quite straightforward, and it cut off a huge elbow of road. She took it now. She took it—and in half an hour was lost, hopelessly lost, wet to the knees and chilled through. She turned back, the ground sank beneath her. She tried right, then left, with the same result—somehow she had blundered into the bog that bisected the Common.

"I suppose there *are* bigger idiots in asylums and places," announced Peggy aloud—"there can't be any at large."

Speech suggested shouting. She shouted, and anything more forlorn than the sound of her own voice in the foggy silence she had never heard.

"Catch this!" said a voice from out of space. "And jump when I pull." A larch pole was thrust into her hands. "Now!" commanded the voice.

Peggy jumped, and strong arms caught her.

"Oh——!" she gasped.

"It's safe here," said Norman Brett. "There you could sink a horse. I was coming back from the kennels when I heard you. I didn't answer in case you'd move the wrong way. How do you feel?"

"Oh—splendid, thanks," she gasped.

"A hot bath and hot tea will put you right," he prescribed. "We're only a mile from home. This way—take my arm!"

The grave solicitude in his tone made her heart beat faster; the swelling muscles in his arm suggested safety and strength.

"You sure know how to treat an enemy!" offered Peggy whimsically.

"You're cold," was his only comment. "Can you walk faster?"

"What'll you do if I can't?" she laughed.

"Carry you!" he said briskly. "Like they do in romantic novels," he added with a chuckle.

"But it's only heroes and heroines carry each other," she objected.

"And what am I—the villain?"

"Sure," agreed Peggy.

"So you think, like your father, that we crashed into Bounds Wood and spoilt his shoot on purpose?"

"No," she said, "I do not. Anyhow, he spoilt your fox, so I guess you're quits."

"One was intentional; the other was not."

Peggy knew defence was hopeless, but she would have died rather than admit it.

"I suppose you're all getting a fine lot of satisfaction out of boycotting Pop," she contended, "but it seems to me acting small."

"That's no wish of mine, I assure you, Miss Grant. But it's known he definitely promised to leave a sufficiency of foxes."

"It's not in the lease," she stated. "I read to see."

"No," he admitted, "it got left out somehow; not that it would make any difference. To enforce it would mean turning you out, and I wouldn't have that."

"Why not?"

His answer was so long coming she thought he had not heard, then he said slowly:

"Because I'm in love with you."

Peggy admired directness, but this caught her breath away.

In silence they finished the way to Brocklehurst Hall.

The hospitality of the Bretts vied with the best Peggy had known. Old Lord Cleobury (Norman's father), stooped and courteous; his wife, motherly and simple; their daughter Daphney—all made her feel absolutely and completely welcome.

Then, warmed, fed, and entirely happy, Norman took her home in an old-fashioned one-horse brougham which struck her as a supreme joke.

It took the ancient coachman two hours to feel his way to The Manor; to Peggy, snuggling under a huge fur rug, it seemed like two minutes.

He was something quite outside her experience, something altogether to her taste.

As they crept up the Manor avenue she said:

"I'm coming out with your hounds, if I may. Where can I get a good horse?"

"You ride?" he asked.

"Oh, yes—in the rough. I can stick on most things—but I know nothing of hunting."

"I'll mount you if you'll let me till you find what you want," he offered. "Daphney's pretty good across country. She'll show you the ropes."

"That's most awfully kind of you," she faltered. "But Pop would think I'd gone over to the enemy."

"Need we be the enemy?" he urged. "Couldn't you get your father to come out some day? He'd soon find it makes all other games tame."

"You don't know Pop," she sighed. "Mules are tractable to him."

Mr. Grant, about to organise a search party, met them on the top of the steps.

"I thank you for seeing my daughter home," he said stiffly, when Peggy had told her story.

"Mr. Brett's coming in," announced Peggy. "You must, please," she begged.

Norman glanced at the unbending Hickory and held out his hand to her.

"No, thanks—not to-night. I'll be getting back."

Peggy's eyes flashed to her father standing rigid in the doorway, and the next Norman knew was that two strong young arms were round his neck, two warm lips touched his—then she was gone!

The two men looked at each other in silence, then Brett was looking at a closed door. He turned away with a grin and almost danced down the steps.

A BRIGHT December morning saw the Grants at breakfast.

Mr. Grant—who had maintained an air of aloof detachment since the night of the fog—looked up from his letters.

"The Twombleys sail to-morrow on the Aquitania. I'm sending you back to Mom."

Peggy whitened.

"Why?" she faltered

"To 'larn' you! To 'larn' you not to defy me. I know the games you've been playing these three weeks—hunting and flirting with those against me!"

"The Bretts aren't against you," Peggy insisted. "They haven't done one thing against you—and they've been awfully nice to me—all of them."

"Especially the son," grinned Hickory Dick. "You're going back home, my girl, to-morrow."

"I won't go!" flashed Peggy. "You can't make me!"

"We'll see! If you kick I'll take you by the scruff of your little neck and take you myself. Be off and pack!"

"I'm glad you're a rotten sailor," said Peggy, and went—but not to pack. . . .

WITH a sigh Mr. Grant lit a long cigar and accompanied it into the park for his morning constitutional. That obstinacy already hinted at impelled him to bite off his nose to keep his pride in countenance, but his heart ached at the thought of losing Peggy—Peggy, the apple of his eye.

Never before had their wills clashed seriously, and from the fact that she had not argued he knew that going hit her hard; she must really care for Norman Brett—the kiss on the steps that night had not been mere defiant bravado. But did Brett care for her? The Bretts were impoverished, their land was slipping from them acre by acre, but they were old stock and proud as the devil. Despite his wealth he was a rough-neck; and Peggy, despite her charm, was his daughter. He had always vowed that when Peggy chose her man her choice should go unchallenged. He liked Norman, liked the clean, upstanding cut of him, the unaffected manner, the straight grey eyes—but war was war. He knew he had behaved badly—knew that Norman was right. Live and Let Live was the essential backbone of the brotherhood of sport.

He left the avenue and struck across the grass to where a mighty elm had fallen in the recent storm, fallen from outside the domain, smashing down some feet of wall; it lay aslant, half in, half out of the park. Mr. Grant lowered himself on to a chunk of fallen masonry and, with his back to the wall, smoked meditatively.

The sun was warm, the wall was sheltered; slowly he succumbed to the tranquil calm. His cigar butt drooped, his eyes closed—he slept. . . .

How long he had slept he had no idea when he awoke suddenly to the raucous clatter of an agitated jay. He stared at the bird drowsily, uncomprehending; its crest

was up, its blue wings fluttered; it vociferated in jay vernacular, "There's fox about—there's fox about!"

In the distance horse-hoofs clinked on the hard-set road, many hoofs—two score of them. Mr. Grant sat up. "Runaways" was his first thought; "the Hunt" was his second. The second proved right. With the dramatic suddenness of a jack-in-the-box an old dog fox appeared on the sloping trunk of the fallen tree; then he dropped lightly into the park and whisked off into a clump of rhododendrons.

Mr. Grant heard someone shouting like an auctioneer in delirium—the someone was himself. In response a hound's head appeared momentarily in an effort to leap the breeched wall. The clip-clop-clep of horse-hoofs drew nearer; a horn lilted its command; a voice shouted:

"Back, there! Back! Tinker! Treasure! Back!—back!"

A whip cracked, a hound yelped; then the voice again:

"He's took over the tree, sir; he's away into the Manor! There's Faithful and two of the puppies after him!"

"We must go round to the gates!" came Brett's voice. "I'm leaving no hounds there!"

Mr. Grant grinned; the domain gates were locked by his orders against the Hunt and its minions; the lodge-keeper, a churl of his own choice, would obey those orders.

He turned his attention to the couple and a half of hounds. The puppies, deprived of their huntsman's support, hovered irresolute; the other—the veteran Faithful—was nosing silently round the rhododendrons; getting busier every minute, he disappeared into the thicket of green. . . . A minute later came a single deep-throated note that woke an echo in Hickory Dick and rekindled the puppies' fire. Then Faithful appeared beyond the clump, head down, stern stiff, working out the puzzle with little ecstatic quavers. The puppies joined him. Unchallenged, Mr. Grant fell in behind.

Half a mile brought them to an ancient drainage dyke half-filled with water and choked with dying flags. Faithful hesitated, at a loss; so did Hickory. He looked round despairingly and saw far away a red-brown speck trotting towards Shade Oak Coppice. By dint of personal magnetism he seduced Faithful into following him into the coppice; the puppies followed Faithful. Then they checked again; the sheep taint had obliterated everything! Mr. Grant mopped his streaming face, and removing the remnants of his collar put it in his coat pocket and hung the latter on a tree. Then he plunged into the coppice, followed by the trio. With croons of encouragement he urged them on till once again the old hound spoke. The fox had cut through the thin end of the wood and out beyond. . . Torn and blinded by twigs and briars, Mr. Grant fought his way out after the now running hounds and took up the chase once more. . . .

WHITRICK and his son, with a pannier-laden pony, were feeding the outskirts of Bounds Wood.

"Look! Look yon way!" ejaculated Willie Tom Whitrick. "A fox!"

The keeper looked, and his lean face darkened.

"Get the gun, Willie Tom; it's back at the stile!"

He waited, watching the oncoming fox—a beaten fox with the spring gone out of him.

Forty yards behind strained a tired hound . . . behind him two others laboured neck and neck . . . behind them, a bad fourth, a ragged man pounded doggedly in pursuit.

"God o' mercy!" gulped Whitrick, "does he think he can catch them on his little hind legs?"

The fox, seeing the keeper, swerved away from the safety of Bounds Wood, and the chase swept by. Mr. Grant arrived speechless, and clutched at the pony as drowning men clutch at straws. Whitrick tore away the corn-panniers and shouldered his employer into their place.

"Run . . ." panted Mr. Grant. "Run . . . to the gates. . . . The Hunt's there. . . . Bring them! We'll get him yet!"

The pony's slippery back offered poor security of seat, but Hickory Dick had once won five dollars for riding a vicious mule round a circus ring. That pony found, to his surprise, he could gallop, and Mr. Grant got on terms with hounds again—running mute now; the end was near. It came a mile farther on. Game to the last, the fox turned, defiant, and stood to meet Faithful.

The old hound had killed before, he knew the trick. In a flash it was over. . . .

"WELL, I'm dashed!" exclaimed Norman to Peggy as they came up. "I'm dashed if they haven't killed! Look . . . your father's blooded himself, too!"

The comment was justified. Mr. Grant's face was bruised and bleeding, his hair a riot of disorder; one trouser-leg was rent from the knee. But he smiled the smile of a saint who sees visions and dreams dreams.

He turned a lurid eye on his daughter and his cup of happiness was filled—Peggy, astride a clean-bred bay, looked a picture any father might be proud of.

She stared askance at her parent.

"Pop! Whatever's happened to you?"

"Been enjoying myself!" he grinned, eyeing the Master's flawless chestnut. "Say, Mr. Brett, will you sell me that horse?"

Norman stiffened—then laughed.

"Well, I hadn't thought of selling him, Mr. Grant."

"You won't want a horse on the Aquitania, Pop!" put in Peggy, mischievously. "Remember you're sailing tomorrow!"

"Sailing!" snorted Hickory. "I'm hunting! That is, if you'll take my hand in apology, Mr. Brett!"

Norman took it, with an eye on Peggy. L. B.

"Peggy jumped, and strong arms caught her"

R. Sobol

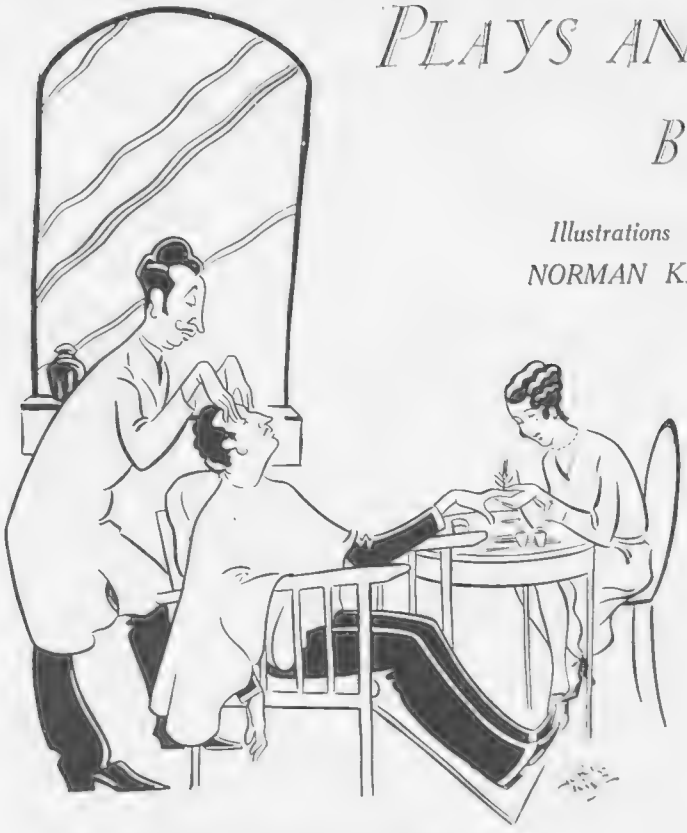
Miss Audrey Tosh, one of those clever young dancers, the Tosh Twins, who were recently appearing at the Piccadilly Hotel, where they are very popular. Her wedding takes place to-day (January 8) at St. George's, Hanover Square, to Mr. George S. P. Thomas, the youngest son of Major-General C. F. Thomas, of the Indian Army, and nephew of the late Lord Cable

PARIS GOSSIP

PLAYS AND PERSONS IN PARIS

By Sylvia Lyon

Illustrations by
NORMAN KAY



"Jimmy must be manicured, massaged, exercised"

CHRISTMAS Eve: skidding through the electric moonlight of the Place de la Concorde, and away over to the left the Citroën-Eiffel Tower lit up like a mobile distorted Christmas tree; then to find, one after another, magical tableaux whirling in great lighted pictures above the Galleries Lafayette, the Magasin du Louvre, the Bazaar de l'Hôtel de Ville; hundreds of serious grown-ups, standing in the cold to see a giant stork fluttering above an Alsatian town to distribute luminous gifts to little people in little houses, a Hansi picture transformed by the Merlin of light whose name is Jacopozzi, or glittering monkeys throwing golden coconuts at brilliant elephants who spurt electric waterfalls back at them; trying to break into one midnight mass after another, and finally landing at St. Roch; "Réveillon" at a night-club, a French custom to which I will never become accustomed.

To see during the week, a great disappointment, *Amphytrion* 38, by Jean Giradoux. Valentine Tessier, Pierre Renoir, Louis Jouvet act as well as anybody could act in a play that should only be read. The settings and costumes are perfectly awful.

OYEZ! Oyez! What a play, what a play! But now I speak of *Le Sexe Faible*, by Edouard Bourdet, at the Michodière. I would rather not speak of it; I would prefer shouting my opinions confidentially into the metal ears of a microphone. Bourdet is one artist to-day who can write comedy; the other one is Somerset Maugham.

HE has paid a deep tribute to contemporary civilisation by displaying the most deliciously adroit exposition of current amorality that I have ever witnessed. For Bourdet's tribute to his audience is this: "I have seen; I have overheard; I have thrown into the spotlight the most corrupt, amusing, picturesque, despicable cads in the world: Aren't they funny?" He does not moralise; he does not comment. He has written his play in the most generous, flattering manner: "All you hundreds of people out there in the audience, you are all very intelligent, morally healthy, you all have a most civilised sense of humour, and, of course, you know the Ritz so well!"

LE SEXE FAIBLE is shown up at the Paris Ritz. Madame Leroy Gomez has brought her three handsome boys up well; that is, to marry money. Two have done so, Manuel to a Chilean, Philippe to an Argentine. The third boy, Jimmy, is her final problem. He costs her a great deal, as, years ago, her fortune at an end, she gave up her handsome

(Continued on page 82)

Underwood and Underwood

HOW THE FOLIES BERGÈRE DID IT!

Janina Smolinska, the famous Continental music-hall star of the Folies Bergère, as the spirit of Christmas

BY STARR WOOD

THE WARDER: "*This is the gentleman who is going to defend you*"

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 80)

THE WEAK SEX ON THE STAGE

husband to a wealthy American woman on condition that the latter contributes now and then to the support of her husband's family! Jimmy must be manicured, massaged, exercised. His mother wants him to marry Dorothy, an enormously wealthy Boston girl. He is in love with Nicole, who works in the dress-making shop of Lili, his sister. For, of course, *Le Sexe Faible* is man . . . the daughter of the family must look out for herself, and she lacks her brothers' beauty.

PHILIPPE has been materially foolish enough to become so entangled with a Russian woman that his wife, Christina, leaves him, moves to the Ritz, and has a disturbing affair with Carlos, an explosive and expensive gigolo, who insists that he marry her; his reputation is at stake, and his mother is becoming angry! Manuel's wife is never seen; she has just produced a fourth child, which gives him opportunity to whine for money from his father's second wife. Madame Gomez has just returned from Pau with Jimmy to learn, with horror, of Philippe's amorous complication from Antoine, the maître d'hôtel. "Is she a cocotte, or a femme du monde?" she asks. "It is difficult to say," he answers; "she is Russian."

Antoine, when called for consultation to Madame Gomez' salon, refuses to sit down. "I have been standing for twenty-two years," he says. To the thanks he receives for his astute advice and urbane solving of problems he merely says, "De rien, Madame."

THERE is one horrible thing in the play: a lecherous old woman who daily and nightly promenades the hall looking over available young men. She takes a fancy to Carlos, who is genuinely revolted at the very sight of her. When Philippe, in great financial difficulty, appeals to Antoine for help, Antoine sees light in the old Countess. She waits, out of sight. Philippe at first is horrified at the idea, but, his needs immediate, he succumbs and walks up and down the hall.

FORTUNATELY for him (and for me, for I was beginning to feel ill) his wife, Christina, appears, and, like a sport, writes him out a cheque, a cheque which will save his mistress from jail, and they are reconciled. Naturally, she throws over Carlos, who, fed up with women, asks Antoine to find him a job. Antoine says that Lord Stilton, stopping at the hotel, needs a secretary. There is one deliriously amusing moment when Carlos, his eyes full of Spanish rage, comes downstairs. For a moment he says nothing . . . he glares and trembles, but how the audience understands! "Do you call that a secretary?" he demands in anger of Antoine. So he has to fall back on women, after all.

LILI wants him; she has bought him a diamond ring. Antoine waves it before his fascinated eyes, and he coyly turns his face aside, holding out his hand. . . . Jimmy finally consents to marry Dorothy, on condition that she gives him a huge allowance. He intends to save this, and in three years he will be able to marry Nicole. "There are many young couples," he offers to Nicole's objections, "who must wait until the man has a situation, what?"

VICTOR BOUCHER playing Antoine, Jeanne Cheirel the mother, Suzanne, Dantès Christina, I expected a great deal, and received even more. But I never expected to see anything so brilliant as the performance of a young Spanish actor, José Noguèro, as Carlos. He is simply a treat. The oral and visual elements of the play are superb, such as when Christina, with her South American accent and the little hints of dress that indicate her origin, says to Carlos: "I have told you to speak French! Do you want everyone to understand what you are saying?" (This, of course, in the crowded hall of the Ritz.) Lord d'Abernon, the Princess Bibesco told me, said, after seeing *Le Sexe Faible*, "I have really never found the Ritz so amusing!"

S. L.

E.N.A.

MME. RÉGINA CAMIER

The young actress-manageress of Nouveaute's Theatre in Paris. Her portrayal of the Divine Lady in Nozière's play, "Les Amours de Lady Hamilton," has won her additional laurels

"A play that should only be read!"

What couldn't I do to a lager!

When it's a case of thirst, the law's no ass. It knows a good brew when it tastes one! Our learned friend holds a brief for lager. Lager brewed by Barclay's. Lager with the true tang and a handsome head of froth. Winking with inward joy. Served in the cream of condition. Barclay's light or Barclay's dark, both fit 'refreshers' for legal thirsts!

BARCLAY'S LAGER

Light or Dark—the drink for a lordly thirst

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

THOSE TWELVE YEARS

By Ralph Straus

"THIS pre-War world you are so fond of talking about: it must have been a very queer place." The young woman who was speaking to me can have been no more than two years old when the War broke out. "Dresses clinging to your ankles, fussy little dances all exactly the same, and no real freedom at all until you were too old to appreciate it. I can't imagine what anybody *did*." Well, I suppose quite a large number of the young people of to-day would have found it mightily queer, though I confess that only now am I realising the immensity of the changes. And this is not a little due to an historical work which I have been reading slowly and with the greatest enjoyment over the holidays—a book of such unusual interest that I exhort you to beg, borrow, or—do not faint at the suggestion—*buy* a copy at once.

Mr. John Brophy, editor of "The Soldiers' War," whose new novel, "Peter Lavelle," is reviewed on this page

A Modern History of the English People, 1910-1922 (Secker: 12*s.* 6*d.*), is the work of Mr. R. H. Gretton, who some years ago showed what he could do with the starchy 'eighties, the slightly improper 'nineties, and the curious Edwardian era. The new book holds in review the first twelve years of the present reign, and it is as exciting as Edgar Wallace at his best. However, it holds those twelve years in review in a fashion which is refreshingly novel, for primarily Mr. Gretton is concerned to show you how the ordinary man and woman of the time came to alter their ways of thinking, and how they took steps, curiously halting though they might be, to cope with unprecedented affairs.

THE War years, of course, stand by themselves, but those which preceded them certainly did not lack for excitement. The Lloyd Georgian Budget and the Backwoodsmen, who were obliged to ask their way to the House of Lords, the Suffragettes, who made Ministers look silly—who, by the way, is going to write the really big novel about *them?*—and the Home Rule business, when everybody talked rebellion: we were certainly heading for *something*.

AND the things one forgets, even about the War! Once, I am reminded, I was forbidden to stand a friend a drink. Once upon a time a potato was as precious as gold, and you couldn't buy matches, and a light in an attic was bound to be a Zeppelin signal, and no news that was good could possibly be true, and—but you must read Mr. Gretton and learn how we muddled through, and how that pre-War world went out for ever. It is a brilliant record, and I believe that it will interest the new generation as much as it will thrill their elders and bet—their elders.

TALKING of these vast changes, too, brings me to John Brophy's new novel, *Peter Lavelle* (Dent: 7*s.* 6*d.*), which, amongst other things, shows very well what eager youngsters were thinking ten years after Armistice Day, and how they differed from their fathers and mothers. I like Mr. Brophy's work: even when he allows his pen to run away with him; and I like this love story of his about a man with a leather leg—the real one was left in France—and a musical comedy dancer, who is not quite such a heartless flirt as she seems to be. Peter, moreover, has points about him which make him a pleasantly unusual hero. He can be delightfully rude, even for an Irishman.

NOW you may think that Mr. Brophy's actual story is not strikingly original, and, to be candid, it is not. Peter is not caught by the dancing vamp, but marries an old love, and Daphne's cruelty evaporates at the right moment. Everything, indeed, happens as it should. At the same time the background—one of those new estates which are rising up in so many old parks—is unfamiliar, and the people are not only real, but significant. Mr. Brophy has something to say, and you need not always agree with him to enjoy his words. He writes well, and he has an eye for drama, and this book shows him in a cheery mood which admirably suits him.

I HAD hoped to be free of the War with the New Year, but it seems that it still to intrude. Four or five new "interpretations" are already announced, which I presume will deal with the more familiar terrain, and somebody is sure to find a Slovak or a Georgian or a Swede with some gory tale to tell which has created a "sensa-

(Continued on page 86)

Miss Myrtle Johnston, the twenty-year-old novelist, who has lately published her second novel, "Relentless." Her father, the late Capt. James Cecil Johnston, killed in the war, was Private Secretary to the Marquess of Aberdeen during the latter's Viceroyalty in Ireland

Amazing Success of the New "BP"

SALES INCREASED BY

80 %

Only a petrol of outstanding quality could meet with such outstanding success.

The new "BP" will maintain during 1930 the lead in quality which it established in 1929.

The easy starting and rapid acceleration properties which are so marked in the new "BP" make it the ideal winter fuel for your car.

The New "BP"

The Better Petrol

From the pump with the shield-shaped globe

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.

British Petroleum Co. Ltd., Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2

Distributing Organization

WHAT YOU NEED IS A HOLIDAY— RIGHT AWAY!

YOU ought to feel very thankful for Torquay just now. It is perhaps the only place in England that is just as much a holiday resort in Midwinter as it is in Midsummer.

The Palace therefore is an "all-the-year-round" hotel. Golf, tennis, swimming, squash, badminton, dancing, cinema and entertainments in January as in June.

Moreover, these things are provided for visitors in much the same way as electric lifts, central heating, hot and cold running water. That is to say, they are not "extras."

In fact there are no extras, other than extra enjoyment, at Britain's Most Beautiful Guest House.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 84)

tion" in the land of its birth. Meanwhile, there is a Bolshevik story which is not without interest. *The Nineteen* (Lawrence: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by A. Fadeyev, is a series of sketches more than a story, illustrating life as eager young Communist soldiers found it in Siberian forests when facing Koltchak's and Japanese troops.

ᔕ

OBVIOUSLY the author is writing from first-hand experience, and he makes his little company of mounted "partisans," as they were called, very real. Levinson, their leader, conforms more or less to one's idea of the "new" Russian, though most of his men seem to be definitely "old." Their adventures are not unexciting, and, unlike most of such books, there is a very definite feminine interest. Personally, I am sick to death of all Russian stories, but I must admit that there are some very good things in this book, and nobody is liable to adopt Bolshevik notions as a result of reading its vivid pages.

ᔕ

THERE is much in a title. What more piquant than *The Mystery of the Green Caterpillars* (Hamilton: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by J. M. Walsh? Several gentlemen are killed, all on the same day, and in the same most unusual way. A caterpillar appears on the victim's coat. Very naturally he lifts it off. Very unnaturally he is bitten, and dies. Unnaturally, because, as all the world knows, or ought to know, caterpillars do not bite. They have nothing to bite with. Then—how and why?

THE book is not in the front rank of such stories, but it is certainly readable. There is not very much to guess, though nothing happens in quite the way you might have expected. On the other hand, there is a police detective whom you will like. He has an unattractive manner and his methods are hardly Sherlockian, but you can believe in him and appreciate his success. Also, you can hope that he will one day marry, even if his future wife has not always kept herself entirely free from all crookdom.

ᔕ

I END with another exhortation. That admirable novelist, Anthony Bertram, has written a book called *To The Mountains* (Knopf: 8*s.* 6*d.*), and you must certainly read it. Ostensibly it is a travel book, and you may not like travel books at all. In reality it is a book about everything under the sun.

ᔕ

TRUE, Mr. Bertram and his faithful companion—the pessimistic Jeremy—do ultimately come to some quite creditable mountains somewhere in Europe, but by that time Mr. Bertram has talked about inns and food and wine and beer and rich folk whom he disliked and poor folk whom he adored, and told excellent stories, and explained to Jeremy what he intends this book to be, and explained to us what it is not; and in general provided as jolly an entertainment as I have read for some time. This is a wholly delightful book, and its illustrations are almost as unexpected as its text. R. S.

Books and Their Authors

The Black Camel, by Earl Derr Biggers, is a mystery story, to be published by Cassells on January 9, in which the real clue is not chanced upon till the last moment. Who killed Shelah Fane, and did she kill Denny Mayo? This double problem is a double mystery which Chan, the Chinese detective, sets out to solve. After many false trails the one slender clue at last enables the sleuth to make his capture.

ᔕ

Plume of the Arawas, by Frank O. V. Acheson, to be published in February by Dents, is a novel about the Maori of New Zealand. This book is written by one who has a life-long knowledge of this remarkable race, the publishers tell us. It abounds in thrilling incident, in battles and adventurous journeyings, and in the romance of the Plume and his beloved, the high-born maiden Reremoa. Above all, it is the story of the Maori in his unconquered might amid the great forests, the broad rivers, and the snow-capped mountains of his country.

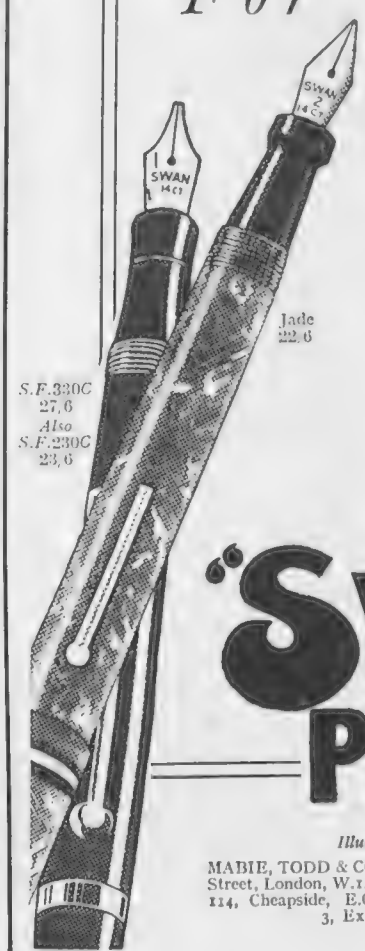
ᔕ

On January 10 Lanes are publishing a new travel book entitled *Turkey and Syria Reborn*, by Harold Armstrong, author of *Turkey in Travail*, etc. The author has recently returned from a two years' tour of Turkey and Syria as a delegate of an official Commission, and he here describes the present conditions of those countries. It is a dramatic narrative of travel, with vivid pictures of places and people, for the author, whose wide knowledge of the Middle East was shown in his previous book, *Turkey in Travail*, has had, by his experience, knowledge of languages and religions, an exceptional opportunity of studying and revealing the spiritual and mental outlook of these peoples.

JUAN-LES-PINS
4 MILES FROM CANNES
12 MILES FROM NICE

LE PROVENÇAL
THE SMARTEST & MOST COMFORTABLE
PALACE ON RIVIERA

For Ease in writing



There is a "Swan" Pen that will exactly suit your handwriting. It will give you a lifetime's service and be a delight to use. Its instant action, even flow, and perfect nib resilience make writing a pleasure.

Self-Filling "Swans" may be obtained of all Stationers and Jewellers. Black or Mottled from 15/-; Artistic Colours from 17/6, or non-self-filling in Black from 10/6. "Fyne-Poynt" Pencils from 5/- to match "Swan" Pens.

"SWAN" PEN

Illustrated catalogue post free.

MABIE, TODD & CO., LTD., Swan House, 133 & 135, Oxford Street, London, W.1. *Branches at:* 79, High Holborn, W.C.1; 114, Cheapside, E.C.2; 95, Regent Street, W.1; and at 3, Exchange Street, Manchester.

"You won't find a more satisfying cigarette than CAPSTAN"

WILLS'S

CAPSTAN

NAVY CUT

CIGARETTES

Plain or Cork-Tipped

C.C.271

TROUT

BRONZE BY GUSTAVE MARCHEGAY

Price £5.5.0

This engaging example of MARCHEGAY's studies of fish in bronze is 4½ inches high at the tail and 5½ inches from nose to tail. It makes a singularly appropriate gift for every fisherman.

An example can be seen at The Sporting Gallery.

Obtainable in this country only from The Sporting Gallery, by whom orders will be executed in strict rotation. Price £5.5.0: packing and postage (Inland) 5/- extra.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2.

Enjoy the Pleasures of the Table

VICHY - CÉLESTINS *Natural* Mineral Water comes from the world-famous Célestins Spring. It is bottled at the Source, under State Supervision.

Taken at mealtime, Vichy-Célestins is a very pleasant and *proved* corrective for gastric trouble and liver disorders. It gives zest to the appetite, and helps one to enjoy a hearty meal—without fear of digestive derangement.
Obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.

The French Natural Mineral Water.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents:*

INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,

Bangor Wharf, 45 Belvedere Road, London, S.E.1.

VICHY ETAT

AT THE PLAY

MUSICAL COMEDY IN

A Drury Lane favourite makes good again in the part of the Soubrette

JAY LAURIER AS RUDOLPH THE RECKLESS

One of Rudolph's tasks is to try to make the audience go in for community singing. A hard task at Drury Lane

JAMES CRAIG · G. S. ME

The King and Queen, but the third figure does not belong t the invitation to

Drury Lane Again

IT used to be said that the fall of pantomime from its high estate, as exemplified in the past at Drury Lane, was due to the competition of spectacular musical comedy of American origin. If this were the case pantomime has had its revenge; the wheel has turned full circle and more money is being taken at the Lane with the English production of *The Sleeping Beauty* than was ever taken when *The New Moon*—of Yankee origin—was soliciting support. That *New Moon* may have possessed beams, but these should have been absent from managerial faces, thanks to lack of playgoers' support.

A FEW years ago, if a Yankee spectacular musical comedy ceased to attract the policy was to cross the Atlantic to fetch another ready-made article, but in addition to being very expensive—for American authors and composers priced their goods high—there was a risk in that the British public appeared to be tiring of those productions and became still more tired when each "attraction" appeared less attractive than the last.

SO it was almost a case of "needs must" for Drury Lane to stage a pantomime after a decade, and it must be admitted that pantomime, as revealed in *The Sleeping Beauty*, is very like a musical comedy—only better.

WE often hear lamentations because the harlequinade is absent from pantomime, but I doubt very much if the old fogey who is a laudator temporis acti would enjoy those which were the main portion of the panto sixty years ago. Indeed, I believe he would be bored stiff. At Drury Lane, though we see the familiar figures of Clown and Pantaloon, Harlequin and Columbine, they take but little part in the proceedings. So little, indeed, that they do not carry us far away from the realms of musical comedy.

WHERE this English production at the Lane has the American spectacular show beaten all ends up is in genuine fun. Anything more dreary than the comedians' parts in certain recent Drury Lane productions it would be hard to conceive. Despite clever actors working—oh, so hard—to create laughs where none exist the result was singularly unfunny. There is more than one comedian now at Drury Lane who has been given good material and makes the most of it.

LAST week, in a preliminary notice, I referred eulogistically to the work of G. S. Melvin as an up-to-date queen. I do not wish to be guilty of exaggeration, but so far as my personal taste is concerned I must admit I have never seen a comedian in pantomime at Drury Lane or elsewhere who is such a first-rate actor. It requires more than a buffoon to introduce a touch of sentiment into a part in which laughter, and laughter alone, has previously been the note struck. This G. S. Melvin does.

DIFFERENT FORMS By Vernon Woodhouse

Sketches of the "Sleeping Beauty," at Drury Lane By H. H. HARRIS

MARK TURNER

...l Family; she is the Wicked Fairy, peeved at ... having gone astray

AND he is not the only pebble on the beach. In his own quiet way James Craig, as the King, is admirable, and I can see George Hirste, who plays the nurse, being equally funny if more chances came his way. Mention should also be made of Jay Laurier, whose assumed moonfaced stupidity will delight those of tender years.

I SEE no reason, just because fairies, knockabout business, and the like are featured at Drury Lane, why this pantomime should not run for months and months. Bill it as the most spectacular and funniest musical comedy ever staged, and its drawing power should equal the best Yankee.

"A Warm Corner," at the Princes Theatre

IF Drury Lane pantomime bears a resemblance to musical comedy, so, in quite another way, does *A Warm Corner*, a farce founded on the German and done into English by Arthur Wimperis and Lauri Wylie, on view at Princes Theatre, for such is the nature of this play that I expected to hear members of the company burst forth into song at any moment.

THE programme calls this farce new, but the idea on which it is founded is as old—well, as old as Shakespeare, at any rate. The elderly gentleman who gets into trouble through chasing a petticoat was the theme of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, a dreadful production of which—in modern clothes—about a year ago has stuck in my memory in the most annoying way.

GOODNESS knows how many times this theme has been used since, and goodness also knows how often it will be used again, for I believe that the only thing which would render it out of date would be when elderly gentlemen cease their peccadilloes—a word sometimes spelt piccadillyoes.

AT Princes Theatre the "hero" is played by W. H. Berry, whose first appearance it is in what is known as a straight part—even though the ways of this elderly Lothario are crooked. At the Lido he becomes entangled with the pretty wife of a young man destitute of both brains and money who, at his wife's instigation, does a little bit of gentlemanly blackmailing. When the "hero" returns to the wife of his bosom ensconced like some pigeon in someone else's sumptuous ancestral nest, he is followed thither by all of the characters who were at the Lido, and the usual complications ensue.

YOU can imagine what W. H. Berry makes of the situation. He is very, very amusing when handling this antique but valuable material, but he does not impart much individuality to the "hero" for the simple reason that the authors have been content to stage a type rather than a character! I hope that one day he will appear in a well-drawn part, when his acting alone will be sufficient to amuse without having to rely so much on the tricks of musical comedy. Connie Edis, another musical comedy star with greater experience of the "legit," is delightfully amusing as a wealthy vulgarian.

V. W.

The Principal Boy and the Principal Girl, without whom no pantomime is complete. They break into song on the slightest provocation

SHOOTING NOTES

THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE AND GAME

By "Clodhopper"

I LEARN that amongst the varied memoranda to be discussed when the National Conference on Agriculture opens its session are the depredations of game and vermin on cultivation. Both the fox and the otter will undoubtedly appear in the category of vermin, and it would not surprise me at all if wild red deer, roe, and even hares are not included in the latter list by the Ministry of Agriculture, which is responsible for the Conference. The Landowners' Association, the Farmers' Union, the Land Union, and the Workers' Union are, I understand, sending representatives to the Conference. So far as I have been able to ascertain, however, no delegates have as yet been appointed to represent either shooting or hunting men.

Topical

Lord FitzHarris, Lord Malmesbury's heir, waiting for the birds at a shoot given by his father at Heron Court, Christchurch, Hants

SURELY influential, practical and capable representatives of both branches of field sport could be found to attend the session, otherwise I venture to predict that the Socialist powers-that-be will play "merry Hades" with the freedom and privileges of every free-born Briton who finds pleasure in the pursuit of clean and healthful field sport, as did his forefathers in centuries past. Unfortunately, shooters are not represented by an important executive such as the Master of Foxhounds' Association—which, by the way, would seem to be remarkably lethargic and optimistic anent the future of foxhunting. Nevertheless, it is imperative that the former should awaken to the fact that shooting (especially deer-stalking) is likely to be seriously menaced unless effective and protective action is taken against the machinations of the anti-blood sport fanatics, of which, the National Conference on Agriculture will largely consist.

AS hinted in my Notes of December 25, the Scottish Department of Agriculture is evidently "out for blood" as compensation for damage done by red deer on cultivated land and pastures bordering upon deer forests. In various parts of the Highlands the demand for killing off more hinds has been made, and at a recent official meeting held in Edinburgh, consisting of representatives of the Land and Property Federation, the Chamber of Agriculture, the Breeders' Society, the Highland and Agricultural Society, and the Department of Agriculture, it was decided to bring into effect the recommendation of the Deer Forests Commission of 1921. The Secretary of State for Scotland has been urged by the Committee to grant the necessary order for the "thinning out" of the hinds. It is to be sincerely hoped, however, that Mr. Graham's edict does not take the form of a holocaust of our native red deer.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

THE PARTRIDGE KEEPER.

AS the closing week of the season draws near the hitherto unapproachable partridges are found in unexpected places, rising in pairs and offering tempting chances. Think twice before shooting, for they plan to breed on the spot so favoured. Even before the coveys break up premonitory signs are to be observed, brother and sister finding more interest in one another's company than in that of the family at large. Wise mixing of eggs by the keeper counteracts the undesirable results of this curious habit of union. That is not the only care which a knowing keeper bestows on his charges. Think of all the risks that lie between the first stage of keeping company and the final rising of a clattering covey in September. Must they shift for themselves, with the certainty of great destruction, or shall ministering care counter the hundred dangers that beset them? There never was a better time for deciding in the affirmative. Everywhere the stock is plentiful, mild weather up to date has kept it well nourished; abundant reward is assured, compared with the slow process of working up the meagre remnant of bad seasons. A decision is needed; let enterprise prevail.

WHO shall say that women game-shots of to-day can't hold their own with some of the best of the so-called stronger sex? A few days ago, while covert shooting in half a gale of wind, it was my privilege to be next gun to a charming young sportswoman who is just as good with hounds as she is in the shooting field. Assisted by a strong wind, the birds came over the valley in which the guns were placed at a great height and rocket and at all kinds of angles, often affording such difficult and puzzling shots that I am bound to confess they frequently beat me—and I was pleased to note others of my fellow mere men also—completely. My fair neighbour, on the other hand, dropped bird after bird, and, generally, clean killed to boot. Indeed, although there were several really fine shots among the party, I have no hesitation in saying that the lady in question's complement to the bag was considerably larger than that of any other gun. Whatever our ideas regarding women in the shooting field might have been two decades or so ago, there is no use in attempting to disguise the fact that the modern shooting woman has come into her own at last.

A WELL-KNOWN Irish sportsman who resides in a delightful spot near Glendalough assures me that a greater number of 'cock than has been seen for years past are at present to be found in the wooded areas of Co. Wicklow. "And," he adds, "the same remark applies to all the 'cocking districts in the South and West of Ireland." I conclude my Notes with the following hint: If, during the early part of a frost, you find your coverts devoid of their usual complement of woodcock, take a steady and close-working dog along the open dykes and ditches running on the outskirts or in the vicinity of the coverts, especially along such ditches as run under, or between, thick double-hedgerows. By so doing you may—and luck be with you—pick up a couple of 'cock or so.

Fashions Fancies

A subtle appreciation of the beauty of contrasting lines and colours marks this distinguished Vionnet gown from Marshall and Snelgrove. Expressed in oyster and oak brown satin beauté, it closely moulds the figure, the back of the corsage being draped in lustrous folds and loops, which form a beautiful link between the pearly top and the rich-hued skirt

Underwood

TREASURE HUNTING

A WINTER SPORT FOR WOMEN

By Olive Caley Smith

A delightful three-piece pyjama suit in coral and black Locknit, with an appliquéd and embroidered design in contrasting colours. Also a lace-trimmed pink zenana dressing jacket from Druce's

Sale-time Triumphs

CERTAIN months herald the opening of certain seasons. January is marked down in every woman's calendar as the time when Treasure Hunting may be indulged in at the Winter Sales, for it is a pursuit in which she is always eager to wholeheartedly indulge. At Woolland's, of Knightsbridge, thrilling bargains may be captured in every direction. Tailored coats for small boys have been reduced from 3½ and 5½ guineas to 49*s.* 6*d.* and 89*s.* 6*d.*, while little girls' Kiltie suits in wool stockinette are available from 17*s.* 6*d.* Heavy crêpe de Chine scarves for 12*s.* 11*d.*, pretty collar and cuff sets in georgette and lace for 6*s.* 6*d.*, and bead embroidered coatees for 23*s.* are accessories which would prove invaluable. An illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent to anyone mentioning the name of this paper.

An Interesting Excursion

THE art of dressing well lies not in having numerous clothes, but in choosing carefully those one does have, and in studying their quality and one's own type. A visit to Druce's newly extended showrooms in Baker Street will provide the solution to many a pressing problem, for their sale is at present in progress. Think of the satisfaction of acquiring a gold tinsel evening gown with a short matching coat for only 5½ guineas, or a faced cloth coat, richly trimmed with fur, for 7 guineas. In the lingerie section there are charming Locknit pyjamas, with inset lace fichus, for 26*s.* 6*d.*, and long silky floral wrappers for 19*s.* 9*d.* Between now and January 18 really exceptional bargains may be found in every department, instances of which may be studied in the profusely illustrated catalogue which will be sent post free on request.

Last-minute Reductions

NO catalogue is issued in connection with Peter Robinson's Sale (Oxford Street and Regent Street), which commenced on January 6 and continues until the 18th, but all goods are cleared at very low prices in order to make room for new stocks. Drastic reductions are made in every department, including those in the Eastern Building for men's and boys' tailoring and outfitting, and those devoted to soft furnishings.

A Noteworthy Event

THE annual sale at Burberry's, in Haymarket, is an event looked forward to by men and women in all parts of the country. Following their usual custom, Burberry's during the first month of the New Year are offering their entire stocks of garments accumulated during 1929, and others made up from short lengths and cloths it is not intended to repeat during 1930, at prices either a little above or below one-half their usual value. The world-famous Burberry Weatherproof, for example, is reduced to 73*s.* 6*d.* Ladies' overcoats in both single- and double-breasted styles, tailored from fine quality tweeds and Saxonies, are marked down from 8 and 12 guineas to 4 and 5 guineas, whilst ladies' tailored costumes which usually cost 10 and 12 guineas and are available in styles appropriate for town, country, or sporting wear, have been reduced to 6½ guineas. Full particulars of these, and many other bargains, will gladly be sent by Burberry's on request.

French Models at Half Price

ORIGINAL French models procurable for only a half of their ordinary price—who could resist such a tempting offer? It is being made by Ninette, of 79, Shaftesbury Avenue, whose sale is now in progress. Furthermore, there is a wide choice of charming afternoon dresses from 32*s.* 6*d.*, and of dance frocks from 2 guineas. Owing to the exceptionally mild weather which has so far prevailed, cloth coats are being disposed of from 2½ guineas, while stockinette and two- or three-piece wool suits range in price from 32*s.* 6*d.*

Fine wool stockinette is used for the blue and red jumper suit worn by the big girl, and soft brown tweed expresses the very youthful coat and béret, while the natural-coloured smock is embroidered in scarlet. They come from Woolland's *Sketches by Marla Tyrrell*

10%

off all prices during JANUARY!

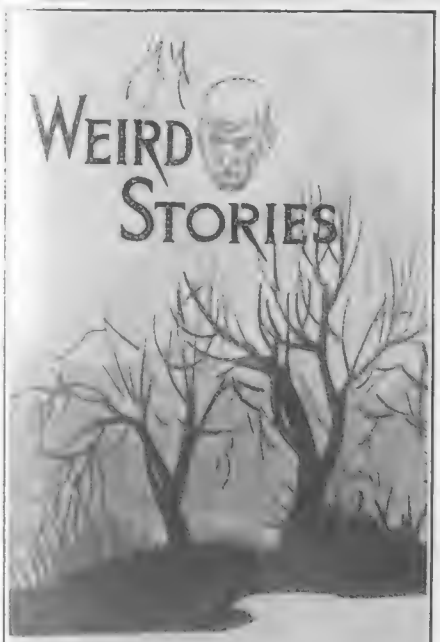
Following our usual custom we are allowing a discount of 10% off all orders during January. This offer is not made in order to clear surplus stock but so that we may keep our staff fully employed during a recognised slack period of the trade, and also to introduce BERNARD WEATHERILL Tailoring to a still wider circle.

LOUNGE SUITS in finest quality materials. To measure *from* 6 gns.

DINNER JACKET SUITS and **DRESS SUITS,** in best quality materials. To measure *from* 10 and 12 gns. respectively.

Bernard Weatherill

55, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1
Also at 81, Cannon Street, London, E.C.4. Birmingham. 39, Cannon Street.
BRANCHES AT ASCOT, ALDERSHOT and CAMBERLEY.



TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE

WEIRD STORIES

Now Ready

A most entertaining book of Mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith.

200 PAGES IN CLOTH-BOUND COVER

PRICE PER COPY

2/6

(Postage 4d. extra).

Order with Remittance to be sent to—

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED,
INVERESK HOUSE, 346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

AT HOME IN EVERY ROOM

BE your room what it may, it can be made more appealing and alluring with "Nell Gwynn" Decorative Candles.

Their charm lies in the beauty of their 36 colours, the stately dignity of their shape and the clarity with which they burn.

In drawing room, hall or study their rich colours will impart a finishing touch to the decorative scheme. Burning on the dining table, they are a beautiful decoration and shed a soft radiance which extends sympathy to skin, eyes and hair and brings a new loveliness to every complexion.

FIELD'S ALSO MAKE

"Our Nell"
4d. Per TABLET
or 1/- A 3-TABLET BOX
A Toilet Soap, Fragrant Perfume and Complexion Cream in one.
You really should try it.

FREE: A booklet, "Lights of Other Days," will be sent post free on request to J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. "Y," London, S.E.1. Established 1641 in the reign of Charles the 1st.

FIELD'S

"NELL GWYNN"

Solid Dyed Candles

FOR BURNING AND DECORATING FROM 9d. PER BOX.

Aldwych

Grafton furs

The Grafton Fur Co. Ltd.

Announce their Stock-taking Sale is now proceeding

Substantial Reductions

164 NEW BOND ST. W.1.

Alfieri

Mr. Solly Joel on his yacht, Eileen, at Cannes. With him are Miss A. Dunning, Miss Eileen Joel, Mrs. Joel and Miss Jean Ferguson. His presence at Cannes explains his absence from his usual box at Drury Lane Theatre on the first night of the Pantomime

RIVIERA NOTES

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

I DON'T think I have ever seen the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo so cheery as it has been this last week. It may be that the new night club, which has opened underneath the "Sporting," has something to do with it, because now, instead of wandering round the town as we used to do, we go downstairs at midnight and dance till the small hours to quite the best nigger band I have ever heard.

Even people who are not dance enthusiasts have to keep going, the effect of the music is so contagious, and I saw Mrs. Sofer Whitburn and Mr. Frank Hartigan dancing most energetically a night or two ago.

WE all seem to gravitate to the Sporting Club both afternoon and evening, and it does not matter how fascinating an evening may be at a villa or a hotel, everyone begins to fidget about eleven o'clock, and after a number of different excuses have been politely made and received the party breaks up, only to meet peacefully half an hour later at the Sporting Club.

QUITE a lot of people have been winning at the tables lately; the Duke of Westminster, whose engagement was recently announced, was doing very well, and I saw Dame Clara Butt and Miss Jenny Dolly both winning a good deal also. Mrs. Baillie Hamilton (Miss Wanda Holden), who is quite the prettiest and the youngest married woman here, seems to have the knack of choosing exactly the right clothes to suit her, and she wore a wine red frock one night, and a white satin one the next, both of which were particularly lovely and made all the women envious.

THERE were some wonderful dinner parties at the Hôtel de Paris, and I saw one very cheery one, with the Grand Duke Dimitri and Princess Illinskaia (she had a perfectly lovely white and silver frock with long flowing draperies in which she looked too lovely), Evelyn Fitzgerald and his wife (she in a lovely frock, white also), Captain "Ally" Mackintosh, who is a keen golfer, and goes over to Mongins quite a lot, and Edward Molyneux, who is just back from America.

BESIDES being called the Côte d'Azur, the Riviera has certainly earned the title of the Côte de l'électricité, for I have never seen so much fine electric light decorations as I have this season. Monte Carlo is a perfect blaze of colour at night, and during Christmas week, when the effect was quite new, there were huge crowds of people standing out for hours just to admire.

The big casino gardens are just one blaze of scarlet, with huge basins of light supported on big stands hidden amongst the trees, and all the flower beds outlined in crimson lamps. I came round by yacht from Cannes to Monte Carlo a night or two ago, and was quite dazzled by the effect of crimson and purple which showed us the outline of the Casino.

NICE is just the same, and there is a huge cascade of orange and green on the pier, which very nearly made me drive into a very indignant gendarme on the Promenade des Anglais. I was so dazzled and intrigued by the general effect. The Palais de Mediterranée, too, looks wonderful at night, and so big it seems to swamp everything else.

I WENT to a big "gala" at the Ambassadors, Cannes, and saw Madame Dubonnet and her husband, also Claude Grahame White and all the Solly Joels, who gave a very cheery party on board the Eileen just after Christmas.

Alain Gerbault, the popular French hero of the Firecrest, is playing in the tennis tournaments, and is off on a trip to North Africa to lecture soon.

Lord Cholmondeley won a doubles event with Miss Ryan at the Beau-Site tennis week, and I hear Miss Betty Nuthall arrives there next week.

Besides all the big gambling in the Baccarat rooms there is a lot of Bridge played in Cannes, which is curiously unlike Monte Carlo, where I should think there is comparatively little. There is also quite a lot of serious Mah Jong played in the villas.

THE Rance of Pudakota is back in Cannes and she looks lovely as usual. Her son is growing fast and is now just as tall as she is. He has a beautiful fawn-coloured dachshund, to which he is devoted, in fact, I have hardly ever seen him without it.

Owing to the demands on space in this number, our Flying Notes are unavoidably held over till next week

Keystone View

Ex-King Manuel and his Queen have left for Rome to attend the wedding of the Crown Prince of Italy and Princess Marie José of Belgium. They are then expected at Cannes for the season

BY GEORGE WHITELAW

GEORGE WHITELAW'S WHO'S ZOO—No. 6

Although George Whitelaw has drawn a physical parallel between Jack Hulbert and the wattled crane, it must not be assumed that he is attempting to give this popular actor the "bird"!

BY KIPPA

PARISH RELIEF!

THE GOURMET — Conducted by EMILIA

Dîner

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

CONSOMMÉ JULIENNE.

ORLYS OF OYSTERS.

BRAISED TURKEY.

BAVAROISE AU CHOCOLAT.

LOBSTER CANAPÉS
OR
EGGS À LA PROVENÇALE.

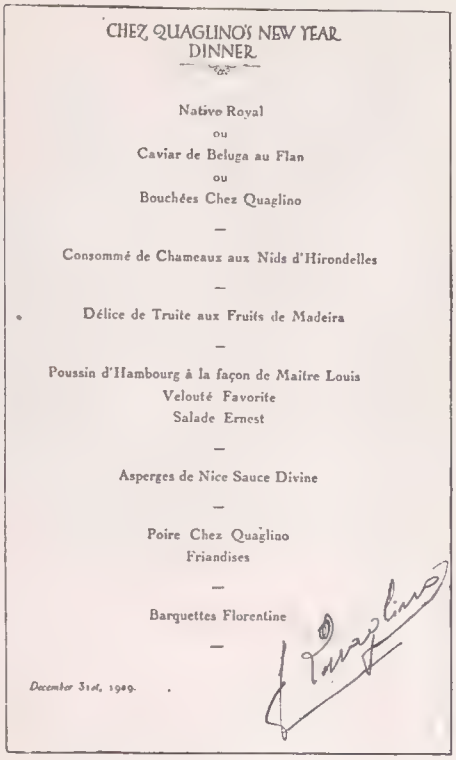
DESSERT. CAFÉ.

Orlys of Oysters

BLANCH some large oysters, press them slightly between two dishes till cold. Then slit them open—without quite severing them—squeeze a little lemon juice inside, and fold the oysters together again. Dip them in some frying batter and fry in hot fat till quite crisp. Drain and pile them high on a fish paper, and garnish with cut lemon and fried parsley.

Braised Turkey

PUT ¼ lb. of butter into a large stewpan with 1 lb. of lean bacon cut into small pieces. Let them cook for a few minutes, then lay in the bird, placing it breast downwards. Cook it slowly over a moderate fire until it is a nice colour. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour and stir well till the gravy thickens, then add two quarts of stock and, when on the point of boiling, a carrot, a turnip cut in slices, a few button onions, some parsley, thyme, and a glass of wine. Stew very gently for four hours or less, according to the size of the bird. Remove it and keep it hot. Put vegetables and sauce together into a small stewpan, simmer them for a few minutes, skimming off the fat as it rises. Dish up the turkey, arrange the vegetables round it with alternate heaps of cooked chestnuts, and pour the sauce over.



CHEZ QUAGLINO'S NEW YEAR DINNER

Native Royal
ou
Caviar de Beluga au Flan
ou
Bouchées Chez Quaglino

—

Consommé de Chameaux aux Nids d'Hirondelles

—

Délice de Truite aux Fruits de Madeira

—

Poussin d'Hambourg à la façon de Maitre Louis
Velouté Favorite
Salade Ernest

—

Asperges de Nice Sauce Divine

—

Poire Chez Quaglino
Friandises

—

Barquettes Florentine

—

December 31st, 1929.

The special New Year's Eve dinner which was served at Chez Quaglino, in Bury Street, St. James's. The menu included camel and larks' nests soup

Bavaroise au Chocolat

GRATE ¼ lb. of chocolate and put into a saucepan with 2 oz. of castor sugar, a little vanilla essence, and half a pint of milk. Simmer until the chocolate is melted. Add ½ oz. of gelatine and stir until dissolved. Beat up the yolks of three eggs, pour the chocolate mixture over them, return to the saucepan, and stir till it thickens (it must not boil). Strain it into a basin, and when cool add a gill of cream and half a glass of Marsala. Pour into a mould to set.

Lobster Canapés

FRY some slices of bread in clarified butter. Spread one side of the rounds with lobster butter, place a nice piece of cooked lobster meat in the centre of each, and garnish with a row of capers round the lobster. Sprinkle over a little paprika pepper and garnish with sprigs of parsley. This savoury can be served either hot or cold.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY AT BRIDGE

V—To Ruff or to Establish: A Burning Question

By "Aces Easy"

I HAVE come to the profound conviction that a diet of turkey and plum pudding reinforced with burgundy and bubbly," is not conducive to accurate, no matter how it stimulates genial, Bridge. Over the Christmas and New Year holidays I played a good deal after we had exhausted the wireless tunes and the gramophone repertoire, or when the weather forbade golf and we were weary of squash. And the Bridge was oh, so bad! One partner I cut had a marvellous system of playing the hand—marvellous, that is, for the opponents! Having got the declaration in three Spades, the hand was played as follows: West led a Heart, North followed, East played the king and South (my partner) trumped. South then led to A, J, 10, x, x in Clubs in the North hand, slammed on the ace and led back a Heart to ruff. A Diamond came next, taken by Dummy's king, and yet another Heart was trumped. By this time I was internally reeling and writhing and fainting in coils. My partner then made (with great skill) the ace, king of Spades and the Diamond ace. One light. Simple to us. Not so good.

I FORBORE to remonstrate (I am always the P.L.G. at the card table, for if you rag a partner he invariably plays the next hand worse!), but the next hand, which *I* had to play, was a trifle more difficult. I held S—A, K, Q, 4; H— ——; D—A, Q, 7, 3, 2; C—Q, J, 10, 2. Dummy held S—J, 10, 7, 3; H—4, 3, 2; D—9, 3; C—A, 9, 8, 4. My contract was Spades and the opening lead was the Heart king. The question is: shall I trump Diamonds once or twice in Dummy; finesse Clubs and draw trumps or ruff Hearts three times in my hand? Counting up: if the first scheme works as well as it possibly can, I make a big slam; the second method means a certain game unless Dummy is over-ruffed on the Diamonds or someone is very short in Clubs.

I ELECTED the first scheme, ruffing the Heart high and finessing the Club. As the king did not cover, I led a low trump and finessed the Diamond successfully. The third round of Diamonds I trumped in Dummy and saw the king and jack drop. I then led trumps twice to clear them out and led my two good Diamonds. Having game already, I ran the jack of Clubs. East took it with the *bare* king and made two good Hearts.

THE third hand of the rubber I also played. I held: S— ——; H—A, K, Q, 9, 7; D—A, 4, 3, 2; C—J, 7, 5, 4. My partner held: S—J, 10, 9, 7; H—J, 10, 8; D—7; C—A, 9, 8, 3, 2. The opening lead to my Hearts was a Spade, and I was confronted with the choice of giving away a Club trick and making four Clubs (if they dropped), five Hearts, and a Diamond, or "cross-ruffing the works." Barring a chicane in Diamonds (which had not been called), this was a certainty, so I played the hand by leading out the Club ace at once and then trumping three Diamonds in Dummy (who could not be over-ruffed) and four Spades in my own hand. Those seven tricks, with the Club, the Diamond, and the trump aces gave me rubber.

THE main principle of selecting between establishment and ruff lies in counting up—*before* the first card is played to one's tricks by either method and a rough (this is *not* a pun) estimation of the chances of success by either method. If you can stand forces—*or* trump leads—the establishment of a side suit is infinitely safer, and much more profitable; but beware of drawing trumps before establishing your suit. You may find yourself landed with losing cards and your opponents are in the lead. On the rare occasions when Dummy cannot be over-ruffed and you have game cold—then abandon all thoughts of anything else, but go bald-headed for the ruff.

MOTOR NOTES

TEST OF ENDURANCE By E. M. Wright

The Super Seven Triumphs which were so successful in the recent Sealed Bonnet Trial from Sydney to Melbourne and back. They completed the course without loss of marks, tied for the team prize and won their class in the private section

THE Chrysler "65" two-door saloon, which set out on September 25 on the Avus track, Berlin, to break endurance records, had run without a break for sixty-nine days and nights when, in darkness and thick mist, it ran over the edge of the banking and was wrecked. No one was injured. The engine, however, was undamaged and was kept running for several hours, until it had accomplished seventy complete days. Up to the crash the car had done no fewer than 54,024.4 miles at an average speed of 34 miles per hour, the petrol consumption working out at 21.25 miles per gallon, which is extremely good for so comparatively high an average speed.

***

THE previous record for a non-stop endurance test is stated to have been well under half this distance. The Avus track on which the record was made was originally a private road from Potsdam to Berlin, built specially for the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm. After his compulsory departure the road was turned into a speedway by making banked loops at each end and growing a strip of grass down the middle of the wide track. It was over one of the loops that the car crashed.

***

THE latest edition of Waterston's Motor Car Register embodies several improvements and forms a first-rate means of keeping a complete record of one's mileage and the cost of running the car. It is an excellent thing to analyse one's expenses in this way, and this register by bringing to light items in which economy could be effected will repay its cost many times over. These books cost roughly between 5s. and 15s., according to the style of binding, and may be obtained from any bookseller or from the publishers, George Waterston and Sons, Ltd., St. Bride Street, London, E.C., or 35, George Street, Edinburgh.

***

I AM told that since its introduction the 2-litre Crossley sports model has sold very well. A development of the well-known 15.7 h.p. Crossley Six, it is favoured by motorists who require a car of moderate horse power capable of over 75 m.p.h., yet giving a good top gear performance at slow speeds.

***

CHARTS showing the mileage between various cities and large towns in Great Britain seem to be an increasingly popular form of publicity. The latest to reach me is an attractive and useful card of this kind published by Ferodo, Ltd., the makers of the well-known Ferodo brake linings, who will be pleased to send a copy free and post free to any reader mentioning THE BYSTANDER. The address is Chapel-en-le-Frith, near Stockport.

***

LONDON owners of Sunbeam cars should note that the Sunbeam Service and Repair Depot, which for some years past has been located at 17, The Vale, Acton, has now been removed to Chase Road, Willesden, where a new depot has been built and equipped. There are facilities for dealing with all kinds of repairs to Sunbeam cars, including repainting and upholstering. Large stocks of spare parts are carried, including parts for early types of cars.

***

THE Silent Speed Six Bentley, which was originally produced in 1929 with a wheelbase of 11ft. 8½in., is now available with an alternative wheelbase of 12ft. 8½in., on which coachwork of the largest and most luxurious type can now be fitted.

***

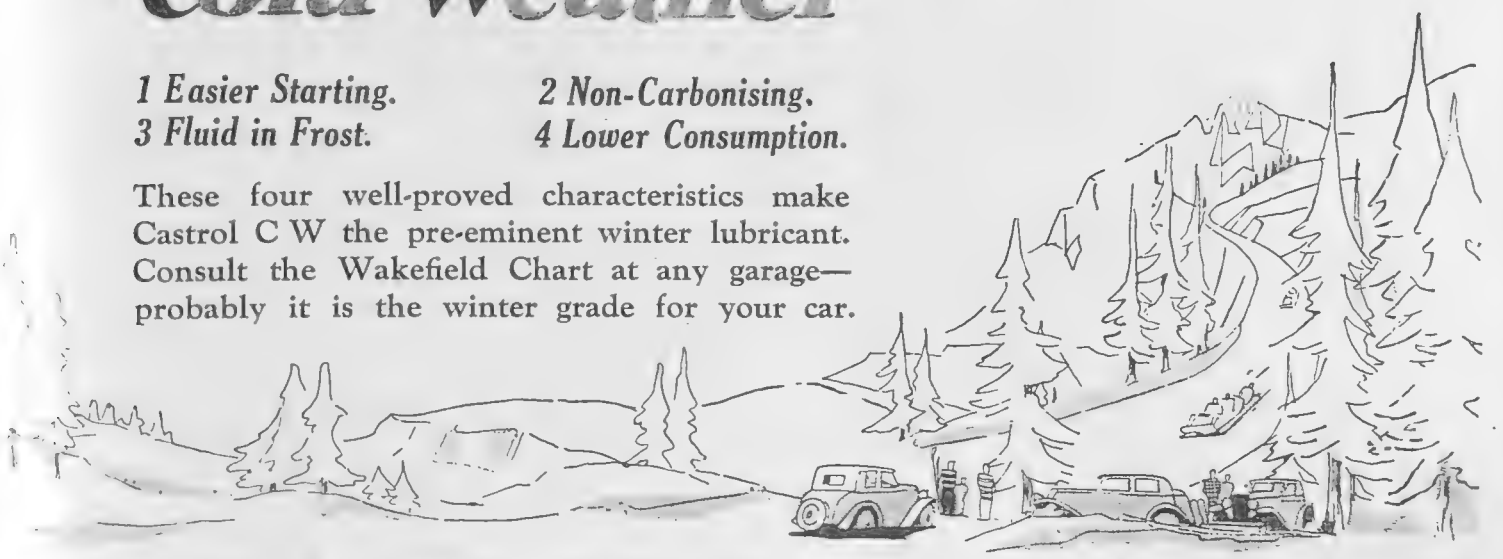
THE advantages of the multi-cylinder engine for motor cars, and of the Daimler Double-Six in particular, are set forth in a splendidly produced brochure which has just been published by the Daimler Company. A copy of the brochure will be sent free and post free to any reader of THE BYSTANDER who applies, mentioning this journal.

The Chrysler "65" two-door Saloon, which broke all endurance records on the Avus track, Berlin. It ran for 69 days and nights, at an average speed of 34 m.p.h., before crashing in the darkness. Even then the engine continued running till 70 days were completed

NOW your engine needs CASTROL C W the Castrol grade for Cold Weather

1 Easier Starting. *2 Non-Carbonising.*
3 Fluid in Frost. *4 Lower Consumption.*

These four well-proved characteristics make Castrol C W the pre-eminent winter lubricant. Consult the Wakefield Chart at any garage—probably it is the winter grade for your car.



C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., *All-British Firm,* Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

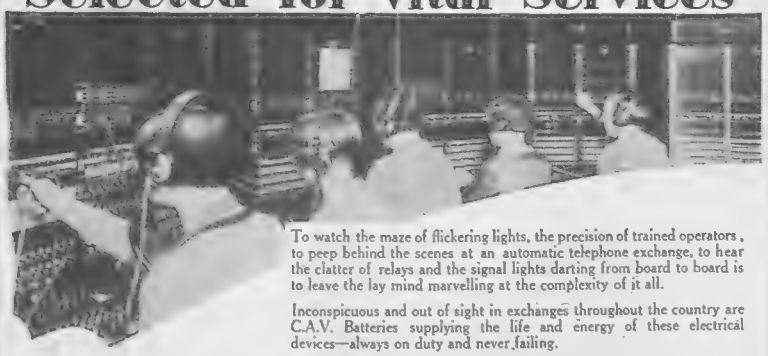
The Standard Peerage for 1930
NOW READY
A BOOK OF OUTSTANDING INTEREST
Includes latest corrections and New Honours conferred. Essential to Everyone after a General Election and change of Government.

DEBRETT'S

PEERAGE (with Index to Courtesy Titles.) BARONETAGE (with Index)
KNIGHTAGE (with Issue) and COMPANIONAGE (Biographical)
COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME
A Veritable Dictionary giving millions of facts and dates
Edited by ARTHUR G. M. HESILRIGE
Clear, accurate, and easy of Reference. All Alphabetically arranged. Illustrated with Armorial Bearings. Over 3,440 pages.
Cloth Gilt (Complete Edition), Royal 8vo, 75/- net; or in Two Vols., Peerage and Titles of Courtesy, 35/- net; and Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage, 45/- net. Special thin paper Edition (complete work bound in Limp Morocco), 120/- net.

DEAN & SON, Ltd.,
Debrett House, 29, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

Selected for Vital Services

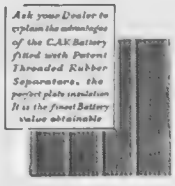


To watch the maze of flickering lights, the precision of trained operators, to peep behind the scenes at an automatic telephone exchange, to hear the clatter of relays and the signal lights darting from board to board is to leave the lay mind marvelling at the complexity of it all.

Inconspicuous and out of sight in exchanges throughout the country are C.A.V. Batteries supplying the life and energy of these electrical devices—always on duty and never failing.

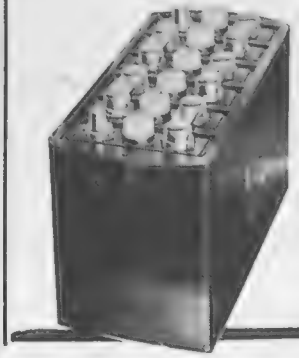
C.A.V. Batteries are chosen for this and many other vital services. Let the choice of experienced engineers be your choice also, — specify a C.A.V. Battery.

Now is the time to fit a C.A.V. Battery to your car—to relieve your mind of lighting and starting uncertainties throughout the winter.



MODEL 12TW9. £5 : 2 : 6
12 Volts, 51 Amp. Hours (at 10 hr. rate).
This Battery is suitable for many cars, including
ALVIS, ARGYLL, DODGE, CLYNO, ROVER, GALLOWAY, STANDARD, STAR.

There is a suitable C.A.V. Battery for your Car and Wireless set too.



Buy a C.A.V

The Worlds Best BATTERY

C.A.Vandervell & Co. Ltd., ACTON, LONDON, W.3.

South for Sunshine
to laze or to learn

SOME tours aim unerringly for the lazy spots and others for the historic places. Still others persuade you to be idle here and studious there. They're all products of American Express Travel Service, its business being to make tours to match moods, and always to see to your comfort. Suggestions:—

Egypt, 4 *weeks.....from* £60
Winter Sports, 2 *weeks...from* £15.
Algeria, 17 *days.....from* £48
Riviera & Italy, 3 *weeks from* £40

Write Desk "H" for details

AMERICAN EXPRESS

6 Haymarket.....London, S.W.1
79 Bishopsgate.....London, E.C.2

Offices throughout the World

DOGS

THE NEW YEAR'S TESTS By "The Kennelman"

THE position of other well-beloved breeds is secure, and no comparisons are involved in saying that Terriers, in all their many varieties, hold their own well as the most popular Dogs in Britain. They open the Show ball for 1930, with the National Terrier Club's Championship Show at the Crystal Palace just a fortnight hence; on the 22nd. That their material needs will be well cared for, and their accommodation as good as can be, is guaranteed by the fact that, as in the case of the Kennel Club's Show in the same famous venue, Spillers will bench and feed. It should be a fine turn-out.

AND, though the year's young yet, it is good to learn that arrangements are well forward for the biggest of all these exhibitions: Cruft's, at the Agricultural Hall, on February 12 and 13. In hundreds of kennels throughout the land possible champions are now being schooled for the great test of this huge spectacle, for which entries are likely to be near the ten thousand mark. To see the best at Cruft's is to see the best in the world, a wonderful school for the judging of perfection in modern Dog-breeding, which, unlike some pursuits, has become more scientific with the enormous increase in its popularity.

Lorna Countess Howe and Mr. H. S. Lloyd, the famous breeder of Cockers, at the Cocker Spaniel Club's Field Trials. Mr. Lloyd's Barney of Ware won First Prize in the Open Stakes and Lady Howe's Red Hackel of Lightwater carried off Second Prize in the same event

IT'S surprising to find a reader of these Notes even mildly supporting the chaining of Dogs, but one does attempt it in the interests of those who "have lonely premises to guard." The plain fact is no chained Dog can be half so efficient a guard as one trained and schooled for the job (Airedales, Sheepdogs, Lurchers, Schipperkes, many of the Terriers, and almost any Dog of sporting type, can very easily indeed be taught this useful work) that is *free* and has the run of the premises, especially at night. However, where chaining is insisted on it can be made passably decent (a) by seeing that the Dog is allowed five minutes of complete freedom morning and evening, and (b) by swivelling the chain, not to a fixed point, but to a taut-stretched twenty- or thirty-foot length of galvanised wire, fixed to stakes, say, six inches above ground. This gives the Dog some run, and, mark this, adds notably to his effectiveness as a guard, as any candid tramp of thievish proclivities will admit.

CORRESPONDENTS please note:—Cost of Dog registration, 2*s.* 6*d.* Registration and general doggy G.H.Q.: Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly. Address of Free Information Bureau: 40, St. Mary Axe, E.C.3. Tail-Waggers' Club, National Dog Week Council, and World League for Dog Welfare: 37-38, Temple Chambers, E.C.4.

Dog Food Manufacturers — To H.M. King George V.

ENSURE YOUR DOG'S WELFARE IN

LET experts relieve you of all worry. Spillers place at your service the advice and assistance of fully-qualified veterinary surgeons.

JOIN SPILLERS FREE INFORMATION BUREAU

It places you under no obligation whatever. Just send a post card giving us your name and address and that of the dealer from whom you usually get supplies. All members have posted to them quarterly copies of Spillers (Dog and Poultry) Journal, which contains a wealth of practical and seasonable advice.

SPILLERS VICTORIA FOODS, 19, JACOB STREET, BERMONDSEY, S.E.1
Branch of Spillers Limited.

Spillers

The NATIONAL DOG FOODS

Make a habit of feeding your dog wisely, regularly, exclusively, on SPRATT'S typically BRITISH biscuits and meals. They are handy to feed—easy to keep—good for him. See the name and trademark X on every genuine SPRATT'S biscuit.

32-PAGE DOG MAGAZINE FREE
Simply send a postcard for your free copy of a magazine full of splendid dog stories, articles, dog lore—and profusely illustrated—to:
SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., 24 5, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C. 3.

SPRATT'S MEAT-FIBRINE DOG FOODS

For your throat

Made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants they are delightfully soothing.

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES
Your Chemist sells them
8° & 1/3 Per Box

CASTILLON

COGNAC

IS BRANDY AT ITS VERY BEST

CC15

DOG MIXTURE
Bottles 2/6

BENBOWS

THE FINEST TONIC & PICK-ME-UP.

2 BARTHOLEMEW CLOSE LONDON, E.C.1.

VAPEX
(REG TRADE MARK)
INHALANT

If you have a Cold

inhale "Vapex" from your handkerchief and the cold will soon be a thing of the past. "Vapex" penetrates the complicated passages of nose and throat, searching out the germs which cause the trouble. The inflamed mucus membrane is soothed, cleansed and protected from re-infection.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V.45 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

THE BYSTANDER

INVERESK HOUSE, 346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 8020.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

For 12 months. *Including Christmas No.*		For 6 months.		For 3 months.	
U.K.	£3 3 0	U.K.	£1 11 6	U.K.	15s. 9d.
CANADA ..	£3 1 0	CANADA ..	£1 10 6	CANADA ..	15s. 3d.
ABROAD ..	£3 7 6	ABROAD ..	£1 13 9	ABROAD ..	17s. 0d.

In all cases including postage.

POSTAGE RATES:

INLAND, 1½d. CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND, 1½d.

FOREIGN, 2½d.

STAMPS.

FINE SELECTION of the RARE STAMPS of all countries sent on approval, at 9d. in the 1s. discount off catalogue prices.—G. E. WAITT, "The Outspan," Whitstable, Kent.

Motor Car Book-keeping

WATERSTONS' MOTOR CAR REGISTER

will give you a complete yearly record of the work and expenses of your car in simplest form. The eleventh edition contains new information and many improvements and is supplied in five styles of binding.

Prices from 5/6 to 16/-
Postage 6d. extra.

GEORGE WATERSTON & SONS Ltd.
St. Bride Street, London, E.C.
35 George Street, Edinburgh,
and all booksellers.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Exploring the South Polar Continent

Three expeditions are now engaged in exploring the continent of ice and snow which lies round the South Pole. In the Discovery—Sir Ernest Shackleton's famous ship—Sir Douglas Mawson is at the head of a British expedition. Sir Hubert Wilkins, the Australian scientist and explorer, who recently flew over the North Pole in an aeroplane, is leading another party equipped for aerial survey work. Commander Byrd, the transatlantic airman, is also busy on land and in the air, and has completed several important surveys.

Aeroplanes and wireless have lessened the dangers of Polar exploration, but the actual conditions of life are little better than in the days of Scott and Shackleton. Exposure to severe cold and icy blizzards test the endurance of the men to the uttermost. The maintenance of health and vitality is largely a question of the right food, and it is an interesting fact that, after exhaustive tests, all three expeditions have taken with them adequate supplies of "Ovaltine" — the world-famous tonic food beverage. Amid the Antarctic snows as well as in countless thousands of homes in every part of the world this delicious beverage — prepared from malt, milk and eggs—can be relied upon to maintain glowing health and vitality amidst the most adverse conditions.

The arrival of Miss Guest's Foxhounds at a meet held at Templecombe House Hotel, Somerset, recently. The pack are seen in front of the hotel terrace

One of the 18ct. gold caskets containing the Freedom of the City of London presented to the Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer at the Guildhall luncheon on December 19, 1929. The casket is the work of Mappin and Webb, Ltd.

An Important Furniture Sale

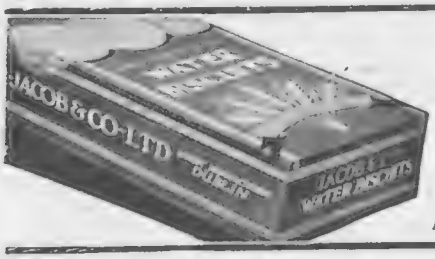
Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of St. James's Square, and Messrs. Turner, Lord and Dowler, of Mount Street, having now dealt successfully with practically the whole of the first portion of the Chesters Estate, Humshaugh, Northumberland, comprising some 24,000 acres, have been instructed to sell on the premises the furniture and effects. The sale was started on January 6, and will last for eight days, running into 2,760 lots. In addition to the antique and modern furniture, Eastern carpets, etc., the sale includes the comprehensive and valuable library of about 7,000 volumes, covering many of the classics and works on art and travel. There are many first editions, among them Brandt's "Ship of Fools," 1509; "Gerarde Herball," 1597; also Jeffery's "Voyage to America," 1764; Videl illustrations to Buenos Ayres, coloured; Angus's "South Australia and New Zealand," coloured; Piranesi "Vedute Di Roma," two volumes; Richardson's "Sketches on the Continent," coloured; Howell's "State Trials," 34 volumes; "Pepys' Diary," large paper, etc., etc. Of equal importance is a whole day's sale of upwards of 2,500 ounces of fine antique and modern silver, including Queen Anne and George I patens, Queen Anne and Early Georgian salvers, candlesticks, sauce boats, salt cellars, casters, etc. Old Sheffield plate, Roman, Old English and foreign coins, Egyptian antiquities. There are also pictures, drawings, and old prints. In addition, there will be offered the equipment of the estate workshops and sawmills.

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE
INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

HEAD OFFICES:
45, Dale Street, LIVERPOOL.
155, Leadenhall Street, LONDON, E.C.3.

SIMPLE POLICIES—EQUITABLE RATES.

CHIEF ADMINISTRATION
7, Chancery Lane, W.C.2.



JACOB'S WATER BISCUITS 2/- PER TIN

Packed in a tin you can use on the table

Also obtainable (either "*high-baked*" or "*ordinary*") loose or in half-pound packets

"TWO-YEAR-OLD AT A CANTER"
BRONZE BY RENÉ PARIS
Price £21 . 0 . 0

The life and movement in this study of a two-year-old in action are characteristic of the nervous force which marks the work of the brilliant French sculptor RENÉ PARIS. The extreme height of this bronze is 7¼ inches, and it is mounted on a marble base measuring 10 inches long. A work of art for every sportsman

An example of this and other sporting bronzes can be seen at The Sporting Gallery

Obtainable in this country only from The Sporting Gallery, by whom orders will be executed in strict rotation. Price £21 . 0 . 0; packing and postage (Inland) 5/- extra.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

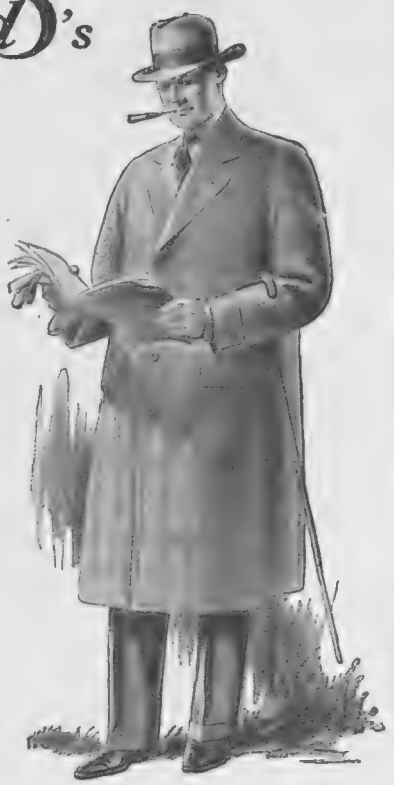
Durward's

FAMOUS OVERCOATS

are obtainable during January at a

20% to 50%

reduction.



SALE PRICES *from* **£3**

READY-TO-WEAR.

Every Overcoat on sale is made in our own workshops on the premises, by highly skilled craftsmen, from our durable and exclusive materials.

Cardigans from **25/-**

Hose from **10/6**
Usually 21/- to 25/-

Cashmere Scarves, 12/6 and **17/6**
Usually 15/- and 21/-

Cashmere Rugs, 84/- and **126/-**
Usually 105/- and 160/-

KENNETH DURWARD LTD.,
37, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1

FINEST FUR VALUE

Many Garments being offered at less than Half Usual Prices.

DON'T miss this opportunity of securing a genuine Fur Coat or a beautiful Fur Stole fully guaranteed by the makers at Bargain Price. During the next week or two we are offering our entire stock of choice and thoroughly reliable Furs at After-Season Prices representing a discount of 20%. Visit our Showrooms and claim your bargain early.

WRITE FOR SALE CATALOGUE

Mink Marmot

Attractive Model in selected Mink Marmot from fine quality skins equal in appearance to real Mink. Light in weight, beautifully supple and thoroughly hard-wearing.

AFTER-SEASON SALE PRICE **26** GUINEAS

FURS GLADLY SENT ON APPROVAL

Come to the City—It pays.

Hundreds of Reliable Fur Coats from 12 gns.
Thousands of Beautiful Fur Stoles from 5 gns.

Call and compare our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

CITY FUR STORE

Manufacturing Furriers,

64, St. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON, E.C.4

Our Showrooms are on the First Floor.

TO-DAY and DAILY.

WOOLLANDS

Quality Sale

Unusual price concessions in highest quality attire.

Woollands do not purchase inferior goods for Sale purposes, but rely on the genuine reductions of their own exclusive and fine quality stocks.

E.584—Charming **Striped Woolly Cap** made in most attractive colours, with Scarf to match.

Sale Price 2½ gns.

Suitable for Sports and Switzerland.

V.575—Smart **Cap** in tweed or stockinette (*copy of model*). This Cap can be made in customers' own material to match suits. Usual Price 45/9.

Sale Price 35/9

Book of Bargains Post Free.

WOOLLAND BROS., Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1.

BURBERRYS 1930 SALE

OVERCOATS, WEATHER-PROOFS, MEN'S SUITS AND LADIES' TAILORED COSTUMES at a little above or below

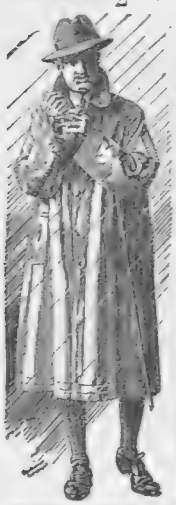
HALF-PRICE

LADIES' OVERCOATS
as illustrated, and other S.B. and D.B. models, in Tweeds and Saxonies.
Usual Price 8 to 12 Gns.
SALE PRICE 84/-

Ladies' Overcoats in Proofed Urbitor Coatings; Weatheralls and Urbitors.
Usually 8½ Gns.
SALE PRICE 5 Gns.

BELTED "BURBERRYS"
MEN'S & WOMEN'S; Burberry Gabardine, lined Proofed Check.
SALE PRICE 4½ Gns.

COSTUMES
in Tweeds, Saxony, & Worsted Suitings.
Usual Price 10 to 12 Gns.
SALE PRICE 6½ Gns.



THE BURBERRY
"The World's Best Weatherproof and One of the World's Best Overcoats," MEN'S and WOMEN'S, as sketch, Gabardine, lined Check.
SALE PRICE 73/6

LOUNGE SUITS
Tailored from fine Cheviot Tweeds. Sizes to fit all figures.
Usually 8 & 9 Gns.
SALE PRICE 84/-

MEN'S OVERCOATS
Urbitors and Weatheralls, in Proofed Tweed Coatings.
Usual Price 8 to 10 Gns.
SALE PRICE 84/-

MEN'S OVERCOATS
in Weatherproof Urbitor Coatings.
Usual Price 7½ Gns.
SALE PRICE 5 Gns.

MEN'S D.B. OVERCOATS
as sketch, and other styles, in Coatings and Fleeces.
Usual Price 10 to 14 Gns.
SALE PRICE 7 Gns.

FULL SALE LIST
detailing thousands of other bargains for Men, Women and Children, sent on mention of *Bystander*.

BURBERRYS Ltd. (Dept. 46) HAYMARKET LONDON S.W.1.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

BELGIUM

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres. 58, Avenue de Keyser. The most modern and the best clientele.

FRANCE.

Arles (B. du R.).—Grand Hotel du Nord-Pinus. Place du Forum. Remains of Roman Forum. First Class.

Beaulieu-sur-Mer (A.M.).—Hotel Victoria. 100 rooms. All comfort. Garden terrace. From Frs. 50 early season.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais. Highest class res. hotel. Right up to date. Renowned cuisine&cellar. Phoneev.rm. V lge.garden.

Hyères. — Continental. — Elevated. Fine sea view. Large park. Most comfortable. Inclusive terms from Frs. 45.

Saint-Jean-De-Luz (B.P.). Les Flots Bleus. A modern House facing sea. Ideal for winter stay.

Juan-les-Pins —Hostellerie des Pins Parasols.—Charming fam. hotel with quiet park nr. beach. Ev. com. Board Frs. 55 and up.

Marseilles.—Grand Hotel de Geneve. Restaurant overlooking Vieux Port. Moderate terms. Every comfort.

Menton.—Hotel de Venise. World-renowned. 200 rooms, 100 baths. In own park. Central. Sunny.

Menton — Villa Helvetia. — English pension, beaut. sit. with all comfort. Sea view. Terms moderate. Prop., Mrs. Pearce.

Menton.—Hotel Prince de Galles.—First-class; the best situation facing sea; all comfort. Large garden. From Frs. 60.

Monte Carlo.—Hotels Bristol & Majestic. Open all year. All com. Sea Front. Pens. Frs. 75. Sp. terms early and late season.

Monte Carlo (Monaco).—Gd. Hotel des Etrangers.—The Hotel that makes you feel at home. From Frs. 60, incl.

Monte Carlo.—Grand Hotel National.—70 Rooms. Sea view. All comfort. Full pension from Frs. 45.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Prince de Galles. The Best of the First-class Hotels. Large Garden. Marcel Rey, Propr.

FRANCE—*cont.*

Monte Carlo.—Royal Hotel.—First-class British Hotel. Full South, Garden. Full pension from Frs. 80.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus. Open all year. First class. 100 rooms with bath and phone. Luxurious suites. GEORGES ROLFO

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Windsor.—First-class. Central heating. Hot and cold running water in every room. Gaillard et Fau, Cairo.

PARIS.

The Commodore. — 12 Brd. Haussmann. A step from Opera. Bright and cheerful. 250 rms. 250 baths. Excellent Restaurant.

Le Chateau Frontenac.—Rue Pierre Charron. An Aristocratic home. Its restaurant Maria Chapdelaine and Charley's Bar. Same House: Victoria, Lausanne.

Hotel St. Petersbourg.—33/35 Rue Caumartin. Brit. fam. hotel. Every mod. com. Same hotel: Hotel des Balances, Lucerne.

ITALY.

Naples.—Parker's Hotel. The only first-rate hostelry for Eng. Tourists. Beautifully sit. on the Corso Vittorio Emanuelle. Overlooking Bay, Capri, Vesuvius and the City.

Sunny San Remo.—The Royal. Illustrated Folder Free on request. M. Bertolini, Proprietor.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva. — The Beau-Rivage. Leading Hotel for English and American Clientele. Facing the Lake and Mont Blanc.

Geneva.—Carlton Hotel.—1st-class with mod. charges. Beaut. situated in sunny park. Garage. Ideal place for a stay.

Geneva.—Grand Hotel de la Paix, facing lake, up to date. Now one of the best and nicest Hotels in Switzerland. J. Baehl.

Vevey. — Le Grand Hotel & Palace. Beautifully situated in Large Park on Lake Geneva. Tennis. Garages.

Why go **Grey?**

HINDES' HAIR TINT tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers. 2/6 or direct—
HINDES, Ltd., 60, Parker Street, Kingsway, London.

SONG POEMS WANTED
Successful Composer invites known or unknown Authors to submit Lyrics for prompt consideration.
Send Mss. and Stamp, "Composer" (552), c/o Rays Advt. Agency, Cecil Court, London, W.C.2.

HALFORD'S CURRY POWDER
MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.
In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

LIBERTY SALE

10,000 YDS. CURTAIN FABRICS

ARTIFICIAL SILK AND COTTON... FOR DRAPERIES LOOSE COVERS & UPHOLSTERY WORK

ORIGINAL PRICE 8/11 SALE PRICE 4/11
A YARD. 50ins WIDE

PATTERNS POST FREE

LIBERTY & CO. REGENT ST. LONDON W.1

COGNAC FROMY

OBESITY

THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS

quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout men or women to their normal weight, at the same time giving a new life, vitality, strength and nerve force. This standardized treatment, double strength (sufficient for four weeks) sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from MARTIN, Herbalist, 10, WELFORD RD., LEICESTER. BOX 89.

LADIES', GENTS' & CHILDREN'S
RIDING OUTFITS

WHEN THE FAMILY RIDES
Cost of the Kit is a Consideration.
DON'T PAY UNNECESSARILY HIGH PRICES. CALL and SEE WHAT WE OFFER OR SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PATTERNS AND COMPARE.
We guarantee perfect fitting garments at the following low charges:
RIDING BREECHES . . *from* 21/-
RIDING JACKET & BREECHES *from* 83/6
Every garment cut to individual measures.

Bedford Riding Breeches Co.
E. TURNER LTD.
(Dept. 21) 19 NEW QUEBEC ST. MARBLE ARCH, LONDON, W.1

for silk & artificial silk stockings and all dainty fabrics

the cleansing process is a most important item. You will have no trouble, and the result will be most pleasant if you use a pure cleanser which is free from injurious chemicals. You are safe if you use

KUDOS
SOAP FLAKES

½ lb. carton, 4½d.; 1 lb. carton, 8½d.
Guaranteed ful. weight when packed.

The Boots Chemists

OVER 850 BRANCHES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD., NOTTINGHAM.

Let the "GREAT EIGHT" Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

AT the Paris Offices of "THE BYSTANDER," "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE GRAPHIC," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," and "BRITANNIA AND EVE," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 211, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of all the "GREAT EIGHT" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium and Germany are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French and Belgium business) at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIIIe, and at 211, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W.15, regarding German business.

For Switzerland and Italy our Advertisement Agents are the Agence Havas, who should be addressed at 4, Place du Molard, Geneva.

HENRY HEATH LTD
105·107·109·OXFORD ST.,W.

BRANCHES:
62, Piccadilly, W.1. 58, Cheapside, E. C. 2.
1, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square. 132, Fenchurch Street, E. C. 3.

JANUARY SALE

By Appointment By Appointment

During January, Henry Heath are making drastic reductions in the prices of their ladies hats.

Many will be offered at a reduction of 50 per cent.

The Registered Sports Hats will be

Reduced from 30/- to 10/- 15/- & 21/-

All these hats are of the Henry Heath regular quality and are being greatly reduced so as to effect a clearance to make room for the Spring models.

By Appointment Hard Lawn — Tennis Court Makers to H.M. The King.

"EN-TOUT-CAS" SUCCESSES

BRITISH HARD COURT CHAMPIONSHIPS 1930 (WEST HANTS CLUB, BOURNEMOUTH)

BRITISH JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS 1929 (ALL-ENGLAND CLUB, WIMBLEDON)

THE NEW IMPROVED

"En-Tout-Cas"

HARD LAWN TENNIS COURTS

Are being used for the above Championships.

FRENCH CHAMPIONSHIPS 1929

DAVIS CUP CONTEST 1929

CHALLENGE ROUND OR FINALS

"THE En-Tout-Cas" BOUHANA

HARD LAWN TENNIS COURTS

Were Selected for these important Meetings.

THE EN-TOUT-CAS CO. (Syston), Ltd., Syston nr. Leicester.
London Offices: FORTNUM & MASON, 182 Piccadilly, W.1.
United States Agents: H. A. ROBINSON & CO. Inc., 128 Water St., New York.
Agents for Canada: ERNEST A. PURKIS, Ltd., 53 Yonge Street, Toronto.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) ('Phone: Temple Bar 3161.)
3 TIMES DAILY at 2.15—5.15—8.15.
GRAND INTERNATIONAL
VARIETY PROGRAMME.

REGAL Marble Arch
Padd. 9911.
HEAR "GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY"
2nd WEEK.
100 % Talking. Natural Colour. Singing. Dancing.

CASANI SCHOOL OF DANCING, 90, Regent Street, guarantees to teach you steps of any dance in three private lessons, £1 1s., including Six-eight Foxtrot, Skaters, Waltz, etc. 10 a.m. - 10 p.m. Gerrard 4438-9.

HOTELS

DROITWICH SPA
Mild and Invigorating Climate.
RAVEN HOTEL or PARK HOTEL
for health and for comfort. Cordial hospitality and first class cuisine await you.
Adjoining brine baths—the certain cure for rheumatism.
Special residential terms for the Winter.
There are 230 rooms, magnificent grounds, lock-up garages and cars for hire.
Illustrated booklet sent on request. 'Phone: 50 or 39.

THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.
Spend a Sunny Holiday here—
facing the English Channel. A luxurious, thoroughly modernised hotel that is quiet and comfortable too. Superior cuisine. Vintage wines. Famous chef. Electric lift and fires. Delightful gardens. Historical surroundings. Inclusive terms from 4½ gns.

AGAY (Var)
HOTEL des ROCHES ROUGES
ALL MODERN COMFORT. OPEN SUMMER AND WINTER.

BEAULIEU-s.-MER.
Between Nice and Monte Carlo.
BEDFORD & SAVOY HOTELS
Latest Comfort *Full South. On the Sea.* Suites and Rooms with Pension.
TENNIS - GARAGE - PARK 3 ACRES - CASINO

BIARRITZ. HOTEL EDOUARD VII
Sea view: Near Casino. Modern. From Frs. 60 inclusive.
M. TIPHAINE, Manager.

BIARRITZ. HOTEL REGINA & DU GOLF
THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL OVERLOOKING GOLF AND SEA. SPECIAL WINTER TERMS.
M. CURVEUR, Manager.

BOULOURIS—THE GRAND HOTEL
NEAR ST. RAPHAEL.
At foot of Esterels. Large Park. Pension from Frs. 60.

CANNES.
THE BEAU-SEJOUR
150 Rooms. 100 Bathrooms.
Large Garden. Motor Car Service to Golf.
Most up to date. Close to Tennis Clubs.
The Rendezvous of English Society.
G. RIVENC, *Managing Proprietor.*

CHAMONIX MONT-BLANC
HOTEL de MILAN.
Enlarged and right up to date.
Close Rink and Station. Pension from frs. 50.

HYÈRES
HOTEL DES ILES D'OR AND GRAND HOTEL
Your Home in Hyères.
Terms from Frs. 50 North—Frs. 60 South. All Modern Comfort.

HOTELS (continued)

SPEND YOUR WINTER AT
LA CROIX-GRAND HOTEL
FROM FS. 50 - 100. ALL COMFORT

LA CROIX (Var) KENSINGTON HOTEL
The best and the most select on the Côte des Maures.

ST. JEAN DE LUZ—HOTEL d'ANGLETERRE
Most Central. Extremely Comfortable.
Renowned cuisine and wines. Pension from Frs. 80-120 a day.

MENTON
Entirely Renovated. 80 Rooms, 50 Suites. Centre Sea Front. Famous Restaurant.
HOTEL DE MENTON and DU MIDI
Open to end of May.
Tel. Address: Mentonmidi. Man. Prop.: G. de Smet.

Monte Carlo—THE MIRABEAU
Unrivalled situation facing Sea and Casino. Up to date. Open all year.
F. SCHIPPER, *Man. Prop.*

NICE—HERMITAGE HOTEL
FINEST VIEW IN NICE.

NICE—GD. HOTEL DU MONT-BORON.
Unique situation overlooking the Baie des Anges.
Every comfort. Noted restaurant. Motor service to Place Masséna.

NICE RIVIERA PALACE
CIMIEZ'S LEADING HOTEL.
Free Motor Service to Casinos.
The most beautiful and largest garden on the Riviera.
EMERY, *Administration.*

ST. RAPHAEL—HOTEL BEAU-RIVAGE
The best situation on Sea Front.
Large Garden. Renowned Restaurant. Open all Year.

ST. RAPHAEL, VALESCURE. Le Grand Hotel
Splendid situation in large grounds Moderate Prices All Comforts.
R. M. COUTTET, Prop.

VALESCURE—COIRIER'S GRAND HOTEL
ST. RAPHAEL.
Always the leading Hotel. Terms from Frs. 90. Service to Golf.

GOLF HOTEL—VALESCURE
Dancing — Orchestra. On the Links.

When replying to advertisements please mention
THE BYSTANDER
to ensure prompt attention

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.
The First Special Hospital in London devoted to Cancer Treatment and Research.
AN URGENT APPEAL IS MADE FOR £150,000 for a new Radiological Block and other extensions which will add 80 beds to the Hospital.
AND ALSO FOR RADIUM.
Bankers:—Messrs. COUTTS & CO., 440, STRAND, W.C. J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, *Secretary.*

PETER ROBINSON SALE

NOW PROCEEDING

REDUCTIONS IN
ALL DEPARTMENTS

No Catalogue issued

PETER ROBINSON, LTD., OXFORD ST. & REGENT ST., W.1.

PERFECTION

IN

HAIRDRESSING

PHYLLIS EARLE SALONS

PHYLLIS EARLE specially trained operators are expert in the creation of modern coiffures of outstanding distinction.

Why not let them impart to your coiffure that individuality which is so much more attractive than the ordinary methods of hairdressing. At the Phyllis Earle Salons silent and fumeless hair driers of the latest type are installed for greater efficiency and comfort.

The Phyllis Earle Salons also excel in Permanent Waving, Facial Massage, Inecto Recoloration of Faded Hair, Electrolysis, Manicure and Chiropody.

32 DOVER STREET, LONDON, W.1

Telephone : Regent 7931 (8 lines)

Choose Underwear of Character

The Two Steeples St. Wolstan Wool Underwear is of rare good quality and value. The material—St. Wolstan Wool— is the highest grade long staple pure botany wool that can be bought, giving unusual comfort and protection.

Each garment, too, is skilfully fashioned on the best of underwear machines, giving assurance of excellent shape and fit.

Besides the natural finish, men have the choice of several delicate and distinctive ingrain shades meeting the modern trend for underwear of refinement and character.

If you have difficulty in obtaining this reasonably priced trustworthy underwear, write us for name of nearest stockist.

No. 641. Men's Medium Weight in Natural and Silver Grey
No. 642. Men's Winter Weight in Natural, Heather, Silver Grey, Cream
No. 83. Men's Winter Weight in Apricot
No. 10. Ladies' Winter Weight in Clear Cream

Two Steeples
St. Wolstan Wool Underwear

ALSO ASK FOR TWO STEEPLES No. 83 SOCKS

TWO STEEPLES LIMITED
WIGSTON, LEICESTERSHIRE

By Appointment.

WALPOLES

WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD.

108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.8.
175-176, SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.1.
89-90, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1.
Established 1766.

SALE in the Ladies' Outfitting Dept.

Tempting Reductions.

OB 331. Seasonable Dressing Gown, in Corduroy Velveteen, lined throughout fancy Delainette, trimmed Silver Grey Fur. Made by our own workers, on becoming lines. Vieux Rose, Saxe, Parma, Cherry, Purple, Sky, Nattier, Coral, Royal. SALE PRICE **39/11**

Dainty Boudoir Cap, with Ribbon trimming of combined colours. SALE PRICE **8/11**

Post Free in British Isles.

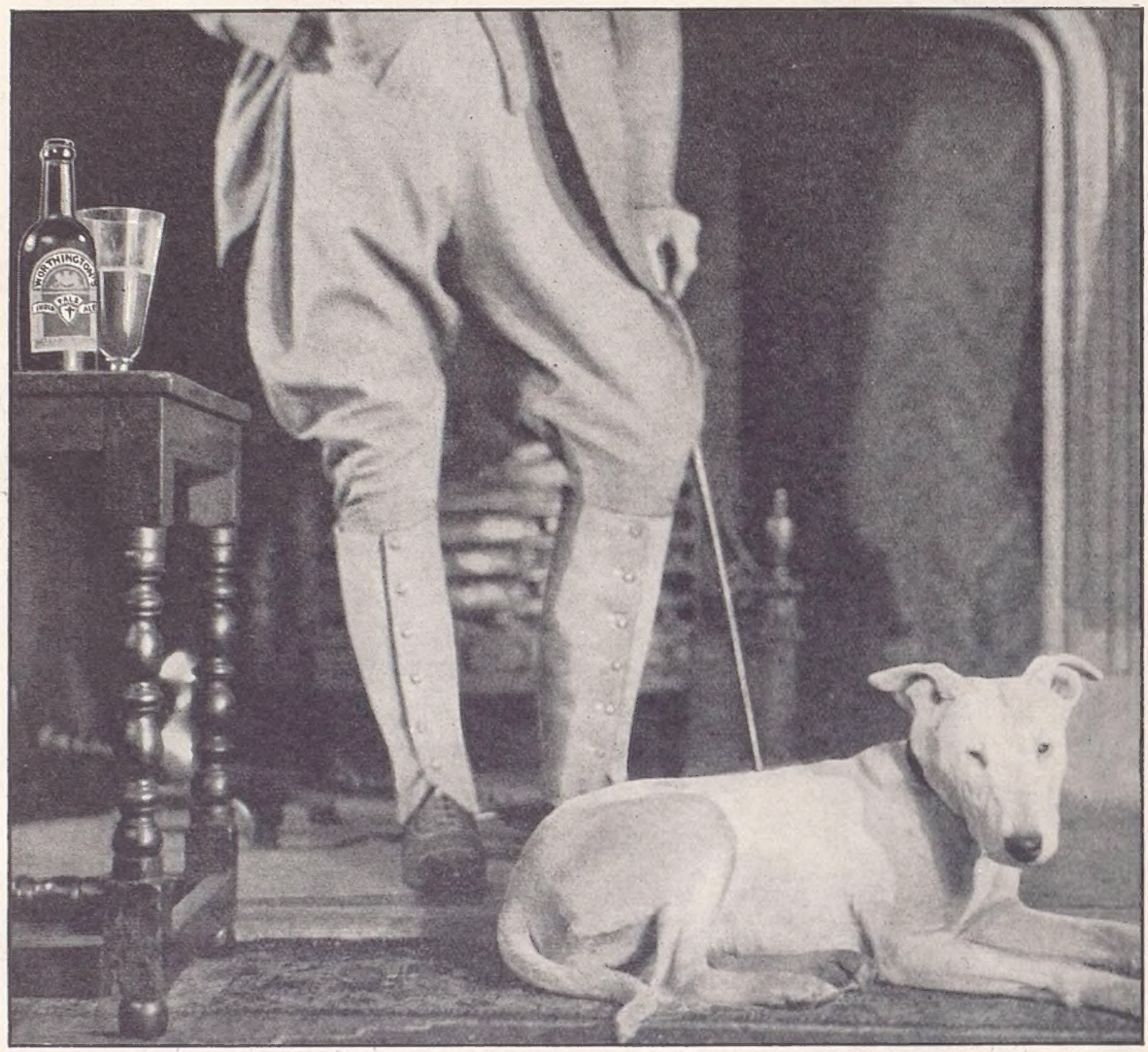
LINGERIE AT SPECIAL REDUCTIONS

A personal inspection of our choice and varied stocks will convince you of the record values this sale offers.

OB 331

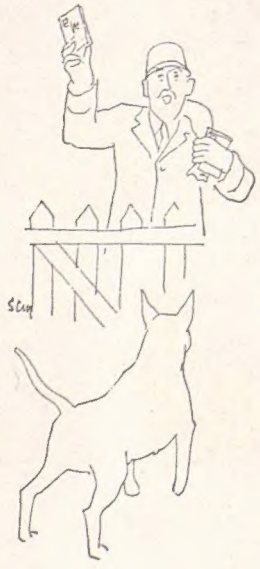
Our Illustrated BOOK of BARGAINS will be sent post free on request.

B

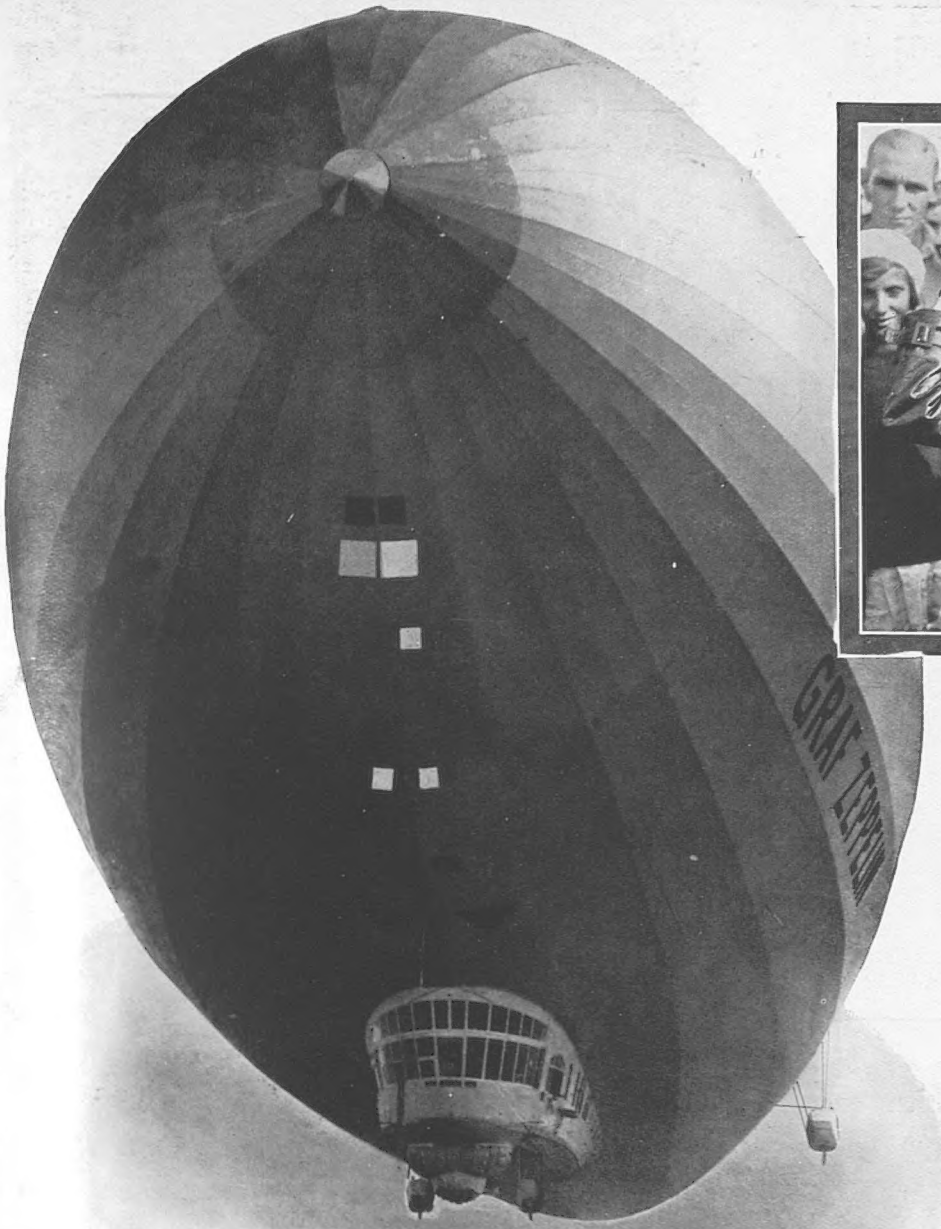


THE WORTHINGTON KENNEL CLUB

meeting on Sunday morning at the "Five Bells"



Bess, bull-terrier b. Excellent head, full of good points. Ask the postman. Constantly exhibited at the "Five Bells," where she and her owner are known and respected. It's Bess gets the respect. Deafness, common in bull-terriers, is her one fault. When Giles was showing us how he'd killed an adder, and Bess got her tail under his foot, the poor old girl couldn't hear him apologising. Lot of ill-feeling there was about that—till her owner ordered Worthingtons all round!



The Only Woman Aboard

Here is a wonderful Modern-day Story

"Thrills, adventure, excitement, and new experiences enough for a whole lifetime, have been crowded into the last twelve months for me, and I am still here to tell the tale, although it might well have been otherwise on a number of occasions.

I have flown round the world—the only woman on the pioneer Hearst-Zeppelin round-the-world flight last summer. Standing at the helm of the mighty airship, I thought my heart would burst with exultation as we swept through the clouds like mythical demigods. I have crossed the Atlantic twice by air, travelled 71,250 miles—an average of more than 195 miles a day for every one of the 365 days of the twelve months from October, 1928, to October, 1929. I have sat in the second pilot's seat of the colossal twelve-motored Do.X — the "mystery" Dornier flying-ship which has kept the world guessing for nearly a year, and felt the thrill of 6,000 horse-power tugging at the leash, like power-fiends tearing for freedom within their man-made turret prisons. I have visited twenty-one countries by air, interviewed celebrities from Washington to Tokio, Honolulu to Berlin, Shanghai to London—and known neither boredom, satiety nor disillusion."—*Lady Drummond-Hay in "Twelve Crowded Months of Glorious Life."*

BRITANNIA AND EVE

Secured it for your pleasure

In the January Issue—Now on Sale—One Shilling

British National Newspapers Ltd. Inveresk House, Strand, London

A Beautiful New model

Beautiful in design . . . . . skilfully proportioned . . . . and constructed to a standard that has made "His Master's Voice" cabinet work famous throughout the world, this new Electrical Reproducer model is as good to look at as it is to play. Its exquisite tone will satisfy the most critical ear . . . . every kind of music is reproduced with a richness and volume that is almost startling in its realism and power.

"His Master's Voice" Electrical Reproducer No. 551

Used in conjunction with an existing wireless set, it gives a new conception of broadcast music. Go to the nearest "His Master's Voice" dealer and hear it.

The new "His Master's Voice" Electrical Reproducer works from the house current, so that the labour of winding is entirely eliminated. For an impromptu dance or an evening of music, plug in the holder to a convenient lighting point, select your records, and you will then be ready to delight your friends with a programme of musical entertainment that cannot be equalled by any single theatre or concert hall in the world.

"His Master's Voice"

ELECTRICAL REPRODUCER No. 551

The Gramophone Co., Ltd., London, W.1.

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE CORNWALL PRESS LTD., 1-6, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. January 8, 1930.
Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.